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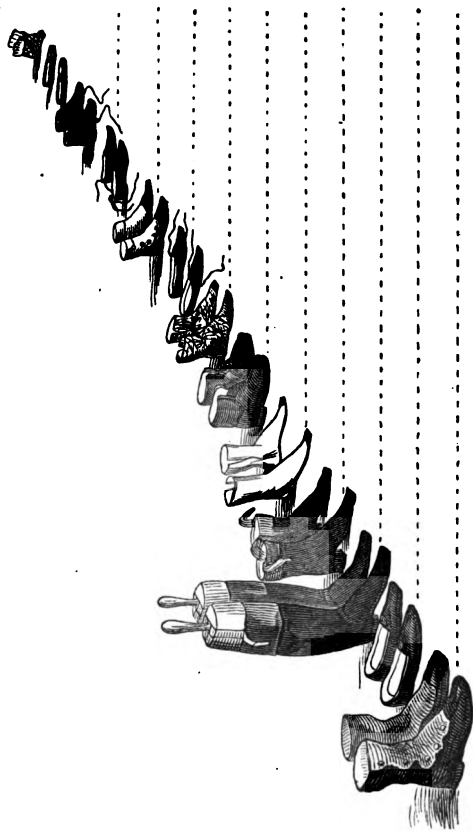




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OLD NIGHTCAPS.

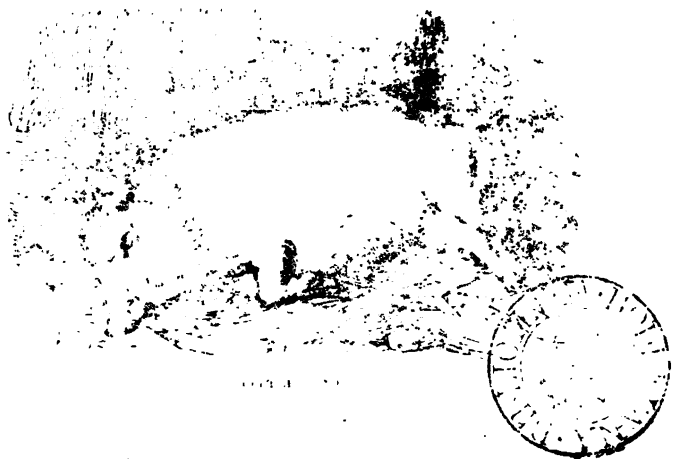


HERE ARE THE SHOES OF THE NIGHTCAP FAMILY.

OLD NIGHTCAPS.

BY AUNT FANNY.

AUTHOR OF THE SIX NIGHTCAPS.



EDINBURGH: EDMONSTON & DOUGLAS.

MDCCCLXVIII.

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THE
FAMILY

OF
THE

THE
FAMILY

OLD NIGHTCAPS.

BY AUNT FANNY. *Barrow*

AUTHOR OF THE SIX "NIGHTCAP BOOKS."



LITTLE RUNT.



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TO MY
RUSTY, FUSTY, CRUSTY, GUSTY,
KIND, GOOD-HEARTED, GENEROUS, TRUSTY,
BACHELOR BROTHER,
AND NO OTHER
(WHO WILL MAINTAIN, WERE 'T HIS LAST WORD,
THAT CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN, NOT HEARD),
THIS BOOK OF MANY A CHILDISH TRAIT
AND TALK, WHICH HE PRETENDS TO HATE,
MOST LOVINGLY I DEDICATE.

P R E F A C E.

IN writing the following Stories I have faithfully endeavoured to make my children *exactly like children*.

Especially have I tried to exhibit the beauty of goodness and virtue, so entwined in the thread of every Story as to render unnecessary a dry moral at the end for the children to skip, as they invariably do.

If only a few of my dear little friends, after reading these pages, shall say—"I hope Aunt Fanny will write again," I shall feel that I have not laboured in vain.

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* Adapted from a French story.

NIGHTCAPS.

IN the city of New York there lives, at this very moment, a little bit of a lively lady, who has so many children she does not know what to do. She is very much like the old woman that lived in the shoe; here are all *their* boots and shoes, and you may count them for yourself. No matter what room she happens to enter, up pops any quantity of heads from under the tables and chairs, behind the doors, and out of small closets, all asking for a piece of cake or a stick of candy, and making such a racket, that you would think that all the birch rods in the whole world were not enough to keep them in order.

But this is not the case. These children are never whipped; they are governed by *love*; and

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when they are punished, the punishment is of such a peculiar kind that they scarcely ever forget it. Sometimes one of the boys has to wear his jacket wrong-side out for a whole day, or a naughty little girl will have nine great paper horns fastened in her hair, all standing seven ways for Sunday—making her look as if she had slept in a hay-loft, and had forgotten to comb her hair. If any little fellow made such a racket, that it seemed as if the very walls would tumble in, his mother would march him into a corner, and for ten or fifteen minutes she would whirl round close to his ear one of those dreadful things that the boys sell at the corners of the streets*—(which make a buzzing noise as if seven thousand wasps were just going to sting you)—until he would beg to be “let off,” and would be as still as a mouse for at least half an hour after.

But there was one little fellow in that small army of children, that the mother loved best. She was not unjust to the other children in doing

* A toy called a locust.

this, for one and all were gentle and kind to that poor little child, and would have defended him from harm with their lives. They *all* protected him; they *all* loved him best; *he* had the warmest seat by the fire, the brownest slice of toast; and one of his brothers, a little round dumpling, three years sold, who possessed a magnificent cotton pocket-handkerchief, which had the alphabet printed all round the edge, a horse-race within that, and a great staring portrait of General Washington in a highly-ornamented medallion in the centre, with his nose out of joint, owing to a crease in the cloth,—this little brother said, that no one but Charlie should blow his nose on his “*pocket-handkerfuss*,”—*he* might just as much “as he had a mind to, but nobody else in the whole world.” One of his sisters had a dreadful object of a wax doll, perfectly bald, for her elegant wig had fallen into the fire, and had been singed up in a minute; one hand hung by a thread, and one leg was gone entirely; but little Nina carried it to bed with her every night, and considered it

the loveliest creature and the greatest comfort on earth. Yet she felt so much pity and tenderness for her brother, that she offered her dear doll to him for a bed-fellow, which was a very noble sacrifice on her part.

You are wondering what was the matter with Charlie.

Charlie was lame, and deformed; he could not walk without crutches. When he was a little baby his nurse let him fall out of her arms. She was a cruel, wicked woman; not because she had let him fall, for that was an accident. That was not the reason. She was cruel and ignorant and foolish because she concealed it; and instead of taking the poor baby instantly to his mother, and running for the doctor, she carried him to her own room, and thumped him up and down on her knee, and said, "hush! hush!" to his little moaning cry.

There was nothing to be seen but a small bruise on his back; but his spine was hurt, and his hip-bone injured in some way,—and although

his mother questioned the nurse, and wept, and wondered why the child moaned from day to day, the wicked nurse denied that she knew why he was in such terrible distress. She answered, when the troubled mother asked directly—

“Nurse, did not the baby fall? I will not be angry with you if you will *only* tell me the truth.”

She answered, “No, ma’am.”

Oh! the wicked, cruel woman! She ought to have been put in prison for the rest of her days.

So the poor little boy lived for months in pain and misery, and as he grew older his hip became distorted and protruded outwards, and one leg was a great deal shorter than the other; and his poor little pale face had such an expression of patient suffering that it almost brought the tears into your eyes only to look at him; but with all his pain he never was ill-tempered or complaining. God, in His own wise providence, had thought best to afflict his body; but this sad trial had purified and lifted up his soul, and caused him, in the

midst of his many hours of terrible pain, to look forward to the time when he should be at rest. Not in this world! Oh no! not in *this* world. In the world where cruelty, and injustice, and bodily and mental anguish are blotted out for ever.

Can you wonder that Charlie was the best beloved in that household? and do you not believe that that sweet, patient, angelic spirit, kept fresh and warm the self-sacrificing love of one little neighbour to another? *I* do—and the good little mother did; and although she wept for her boy, in the midst of her tears she murmured, “It is the Lord. Blessed be His name.”

And now you are wondering why this little book is called “Nightcaps.”

Every evening, about half an hour before bedtime, little Charlie would hobble up to his mother, and leaning his crutches against her chair, he would be lifted gently up into her lap, and, laying his soft shining curls upon her breast, he would say—“Dear *little* mamma, I am ready for my nightcap.”

Then all the children (and there were lots of them!) would come from under the tables and chairs, and out of the closets, and sit down, some on little stools; some on big arm-chairs; some on the floor, with their legs doubled up like a tailor; some with their knees up, to make a small table to rest their chins upon; some with their hands clasped on top of their heads, making their faces look as if they were in a frame with an ornament at the top, when their fingers stuck out; and *all* with their eyes fastened on their mother and all crying, "Here we are, mamma! all ready for our nightcaps! Sh! sh! silence in the court-house!"

Then the little mother would begin to tell them a story, so deeply interesting that you could almost have heard a feather drop. It was perfectly astonishing how so many young ones could keep so still. Sometimes these delightful stories were so long that she divided them into chapters, which made them more delightful than ever; for the children could wonder what was coming, and imagine all manner of extraordinary things that would be in

the next "nightcap," for the little mother called her stories "Nightcaps," because the children had to march straight off to bed as soon as she had finished for the evening: all of them first coming up to kiss Charlie, and hope he would sleep well, and kiss their mother and thank her.

And now, dear little readers, the following stories are some of the "Nightcaps" which I have persuaded the little mother to write out for me, so that other children can have "Nightcaps" too; and if you like them, just let me know, and I will coax her to let me give you some more.

AUNT FANNY.

LITTLE ALICE.

ONCE upon a time, that is, the day before last Christmas-day, a little wee bit of a girl was sitting on a little wee bit of a chair, busily engaged in putting her doll's hair in papers; for her doll was going to a large party that very night, and, of course, like all fashionable ladies, she must look like a perfect fright all day. So—ten great paper horns stuck out on one side of her head, and ten more were getting twisted upon the other; and poor dolly looked, for all the world, just like an insane porcupine. Alice was going too; and that was a great comfort to dolly.

Now, I will *tell you*, and nobody else, where Alice lived; for this is to be a “real true” story, and every thing happened just as I shall relate. Well, she lived in a house very near Calvary Church, in New York city; and the next time you

walk that way just look into all the windows, and when you see a little girl with large, soft, grey eyes, and light, curling hair, who bobs up and down the whole time on the window-seat—why, that's Alice; and between you and me, though she does nothing from morning till night but scamper about, and bob up and down in the window, and wear out ever so many pairs of shoes, she is a sweet little thing; and if you knew her, you would love her dearly.

When Alice had finished her doll's hair, she looked up at her mother, who was in the room, and said :

"Mamma, *my* child isn't *tubblesome*. She don't squeal and say d-o-n-t, when I pull her hair just a little bit. Isn't she good?"

Her mamma made no answer. She was so much interested in something she was reading in *The New York Times*, that she did not hear the little one speak. So Alice ran softly up, and, looking in her mother's face, saw tears streaming fast down her cheeks, and dropping upon the paper.

"Mamma, dear *little* mamma,"—and that was all she said.

"My darling, shall I tell you this sad story?"

Well, look about you, first, and see the bright fire, the nice warm carpet, the thick curtains, and all the comforts that surround you, and then listen to me:

“In the very midst of this city there is a dreadful place called the Five Points, where a great many people live, poorer, and, what is worse, more wicked than it is possible to describe—all crowded together in damp cellars and miserable garrets—cold, hungry, and almost naked. And among them are ever so many poor little children—some only four years old like you Alice,—who are shivering with cold now, and crying for hunger. But not a great while ago, a good man, who kept God’s first and great commandment, and loved Him with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and by humbly doing this was enabled to keep the second great commandment, which is like unto it — ‘To love his *neighbour* as *himself*,’ — this truly great and good man went into this fearful place to live, and picked up the poor little ones out of the gutters and wretched holes; and having first *washed them clean*, and *fed* them, he commenced to tell them of the great God above, who

would love them and care for them if they would only love and seek *Him*."

"And did they do it?" asked little Alice; "and why don't they run right out of the dreadful place and live with good Mr— what did you say his name was, mamma?"

"His name is Mr Pease," said her mother, "and a great many do live with him, and many more want to come. But oh, my darling! he cannot help them all; and to-day, in the newspaper, he begs us all to give him something for these miserable beings. To-morrow, you know, is Christmas, and Mr Pease wants them to have a merry Christmas for once in their lives. Now, Alice, what can *you* do? Perhaps there is some poor little girl whose name is Alice, like yours, and who is four years old, like you. Is it not sad to think that perhaps *that* poor little Alice is s-h-i-v-e-r-i-n-g, s-h-i-v-e-r-i-n-g in a corner, with nothing to eat?"

The child shuddered as her mother spoke, her large eyes filled with tears, and the little rosy lips trembled. She looked at the window, and up at the wintry sky, from which feathery snow-flakes

were beginning to fall,—then at the bright fire; and then began softly to smooth down her apron with her little fat fingers.

“Mamma,” at last said the soft little voice, “*that* poor little Alice *must* have some clothes;” and then, looking down upon her dress, “may I give her this frock and apron, please, mamma?”

“You may, my dear,” replied her mother.

Alice’s face brightened. She cut a little caper half across the room, tumbled down, scrambled up again, and danced in a zig-zag direction back to her mother; and turning quickly round, and jumping up and down all the time, desired her to unhook the dress, which you may be sure was not done without difficulty, although the jumping, *after* it *was* unhooked, helped it off in double quick time.

“Well, now,” said the mother, “what will the poor little girl do for a petticoat?”

“*Pekkitote!*” exclaimed Alice, and she folded her hands and put her head on one side, and looking demurely out of the corner of her eyes—“If somebody would only open my drawer—I have three, two, five more in my drawer.”

Alice jumped and sang a little song, as her mother walked to the bureau, opened the drawer, and taking out a little white skirt—laid it over the child's arms, saying—

“This is not very warm, you know; what will the poor little girl do for warmer clothes?”

“Oh no, poor little girl!”—and Alice puckered up her mouth as if she were going to whistle, and made the letter A with her two forefingers, and looked through them at the fire. It burned brightly; but she could not see any way to make warm clothes out of that. So, shaking her little curling head, she said: “Dear mamma, please give the poor little girl *my* warm clothes, ever so many—ah! d-o.”

The mother smiled, and, one after the other, every garment that went to make up a suit of winter clothes, were taken out of the drawer, and were laid in Alice's arms. She hugged them lovingly up to her breast, as if the poor little girl were already in them; and then went hopping on one foot to the end of the room, the prettiest and funniest darling that ever was seen.

“The little girl will be glad to get all these nice

warm clothes, Alice; but then what will she do for a hat? I know she has nothing at all to cover her poor little head."

"But I meant all the time to give her *my* hat," replied Alice, "only I was waiting for you to ask me; that's all. Certainly she must have a hat, musn't she? She couldn't do without it, you know, could she?"

"Oh, indeed!" said her mother, and with a glance *full* of love, and a low, tearful laugh, she opened a box and took from it a pretty brown felt hat, with a soft golden-brown feather curling just over the brim, and this—as Alice's arms were full—she put on the little one's head.

I wish you could have seen her then, scampering round the room like a will-o'-the-wisp, her arms full of clothes, and the little brown hat tumbling over her eyes, scrambling up on a sofa, and jumping down again, singing a little scrap of a polka, and getting her feet twisted together in trying to dance to it, till she tumbled down heels overhead. I wish you could have seen her wild delight, in *giving away* her clothes! Ah! you

would have laughed, and called her a crazy little monkey, and a dear generous little darling, all in the same breath. It was a sight worth looking at, I can tell you.

"Alice, will not the poor little girl want stockings and shoes?" asked her mother.

Down went the little figure, all in a bunch in the middle of the floor, her arms still clasping the clothes, and her chubby feet stuck out, so as to get a good look at them. "Yes," she softly whispered, "I must take them off;" and she had just commenced tugging at the buttons, when suddenly she spied her *new boots*, bought only the day before. They were made of beautiful bronze kid, and had at least a dozen shining black buttons, all up the left side of each. By some accident they had been pushed quite under the bureau. Alice got up, ran to the bureau, and with great difficulty pulled the pretty boots from under it, and handed them to her mother, with such a flushed and beaming face from the exertion, that she could not, and did not, resist the impulse to catch the little one up and kiss that sweet and rosy face.

Between you and me, dear little reader, it would have been wiser to have given plainer clothes to a poor child, or even old clothes ; but for this once, her mother wanted to see just how generous Alice would be ; and as the mother was quite able to buy new things, she let her little child do as her kind heart prompted.

And so the new boots were added to the rest of the things in Alice's arms, when, with a funny, little, solemn expression, she looked up at her mother, and said, " Don't forget 'tockings, mamma. The poor little girl wants 'tockings, don't she ?"

" Here they are," answered mamma, laughing, and she laid a folded pair in those little, round, white arms, already so full of " good gifts " for another.

And now, all of a sudden, the child grew serious and stood quite still, gazing up at her mother. A hushed and rapt expression passed over the innocent face, as if in that brief moment she was blessed with a glimpse of Heaven. Then she softly whispered, " I want to pray for that poor, little child, mamma ;" and, sinking on her knees, with

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the clothes still clasped tight, she said, "O, dear Lord Jesus, take care of that poor little girl, *so* cold and *so* hungry; I will give her my clothes, but let her be one of your little lambs like me. Please, dear Lord Jesus. Amen."

Suddenly a sunbeam, breaking through the frosty sky, came aslant into the room, and rested upon the kneeling child; and from her lovely head down to her little tiny feet, its radiance fell around her, and covered her like a glory.

With happy tears falling from her eyes, the mother gently took the clothes, and adding an old but warm coat, trimmed with fur, she sent them, with the pretty boots and hat, to Mr Pease, with a note, begging him to give them entire to *one* little girl, with "little Alice's dear love."

Then putting another frock upon her darling, she took her gently up in her lap.

And as she looked down upon the immortal soul beaming from those sweet, uplifted eyes, with a grateful, loving heart to Him who had given *her* this "good gift" she softly murmured—

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

THE DOCTOR.

THERE never was any one who invented plays and told stories half so well as Sarah. Who in the world was Sarah? Why, Sarah was little Alice's sister. She was seven years older than Alice, and, of course, that makes her eleven years old; and she loved Alice *so* much, and was *so* unwearying in amusing and protecting her, that she was quite a burning and a shining light of a sister, and an example to some that I know, who always answer their little sisters' questions with: "Oh, dear! *do* hush up! dear me, how tedious you are! I wish you were in Jericho!"

One day Alice said: "Sarah, let's play I was a lady with a sick baby, and you were the doctor that came to cure her, will you?"

"Oh, yes," said Sarah, jumping up and shutting her book; "let me dress you first."

So she smoothed back Alice's curls, and tied her head up in her mother's nightcap, which made her look very top-heavy. But Sarah soon balanced the matter by tying a long white petticoat round her waist, and then Alice spread herself out very grand, and sat down in her little rocking-chair, while Sarah proceeded to make a sick child of dolly.

Dolly's name was Miss Mousatilla Rattlebug, and a terrible scarecrow was she to behold. She *looked* as if she wanted medicine, and a great deal of it too, for she had been to the party that I told you of in the story of "little Alice;" and her hair, which Alice had so kindly curled for her, was now standing all about her head in twenty stiff tails;—and what is worse, being only a wig fastened on by two cruel pins stuck right into her brains—it would not stay in the right place, but the least jog knocked it over her nose, and left a great bald pate behind, that

all the Rowland's Macassar in Mr Phalon's shop could not help.

But Alice didn't care a ginger-snap for that—not she! She thought Miss Mousatilla perfectly beautiful, and looked on with deep interest while Sarah arrayed her in a long nightgown, and twitched her wig in the right place; and, giving a mysterious little pull at something under the nightgown, *out* went dolly's eyes!—or in—I don't know which.

“Now the poor thing is asleep. Take her in your lap and rock her gently.”

Alice received the child tenderly. A sweet, loving, *maternal* expression came over her comical little face as she murmured—(as her mother had often done to her)—“There, there, my baby, go see-py for mamma;” and she rocked gently to and fro, singing softly “the *Al-kine* horn,” as she called it.

In the meantime Sarah went out to dress for the Doctor. She got her mother to give her several small lumps of sugar, and a little bottle, which she filled with water; and then she put on

an old hat of her father's, and helped herself to a cane that stood in the hall, and drew on a pair of thick new boots, so as to *creak* when she walked—for doctors *always* wear creaking boots, you know. Bless your little heart ! they could not kill or cure without them ; so, accordingly, Sarah came creaking into the room, like a cricket with an influenza, and asked her mother what name she should take.

“Why, you can pretend to be the celebrated Dr Killumorf, the great physician and oculist who lives down the street. Look in that little drawer, and you will find a pair of green spectacles. Here ! let them hang on the very end of your nose—there, an owl couldn't look wiser—so be off with yourself.”

So Sarah gave a great gruff—ahem ! ‘and marched into the next room, shoes creaking splendidly.

“Ah, my *dear* madam—what ! baby sick ? St—st—st—we must attend to this ; let—me—see—when did the attack begin ?”

“Oh,” said Alice, “day before next week. O—h,

she's very *undesposed* ; her head is all cracked behind her ear, and she had a very chilly fever this day. O—h, shake hands with the Doctor, my child !”

“ Ah,” said the Doctor, with a monstrous grave countenance, holding up her forefinger : then twisting her eye up to the ceiling, she took hold of dolly's hand to feel her pulse. “ Hum ! ha ! hum ! bad case ! bad case ! must have some hocus pocus lilebulloo ”—(taking out two little lumps of sugar)—“ and two hours after, six drops of wriggledum dido. She's got a green goose inflammation.”

“ O—h ! is it possible,” said Alice ; but she had to give a sly little laugh behind her hand, the names of the medicines sounded so funny. In a moment she had put on her pitiful little face again, and slipping the lumps of sugar into her own mouth, she continued, in a plaintive voice, “ There, dear, take your medicine ; it will make my poor suffering baby well. Don't make such a *judful* face. It isn't *very* nasty.”

“Ah! oh! she’ll get well, my dear madam,” said the Doctor, “only be very careful to give the wriggledum dido in two hours, exactly. Keep her dismal old wig straight, and scrub her nose clean, for it looks just as if she had been smelling an ink bottle—and she’ll do. She isn’t half as bad as Mrs Greenhorn’s twins, poor afflicted toads!”—and here the Doctor shut one eye, nodded his head slowly, and see-sawed on his heels and toes.

“Greenhorn! toads!” exclaimed Alice. “Dear me, what’s the matter with them?”

“Ah, it’s an awful story,” replied the Doctor, taking off his spectacles, and polishing them on his sleeve. “James Boocannon Greenhorn, the eldest, sneezed so hard the other day he sneezed the top of his head off, and in the fright and hurry they stuck it on the wrong side before. Just think of it! face turned the wrong way, and unfortunately no eyes in the back of his head to see what people were doing, and his other brother, meanwhile, eating up all the bread and milk. Is

it not dreadful ? But I am going there now, with a box of powerful snuff called Kansas snuff. I'm in hopes that a tremendous sniff of it will make him sneeze his head off again, so I can fasten it on right. Ah ! did you ever !”

“No, never !” said Alice ; and tried with all her might to look dismal and concerned, but J. B. Greenhorn's head was one too many for her—the dismal face would not stay, so she burst out laughing, saying, as soon as she could get breath, “*Petend* I am *crying* for him.”

“Yes,” said Sarah ; “and you'll cry harder when you hear about Stephen Doublus Greenhorn—that's the other one.”

“N—o,” said Alice.

“Yes, indeed,” said Sarah. “A year ago he was a jolly, fat little fellow, and blew his own trumpet, hardly stopping to breathe, and played all manner of monkey tricks, like a real Captain Swagger, as he was. He made such a hideous noise you could hear him a mile, pitching his playthings about, and turning things topsy-turvy,

rooting out other people's plants before the flowers came, and kicking up a tremendous bobbery generally. Why, his cheeks were as plump and hard as rocks—for the matter of that he was hard all over—'hard as the *progressive* rock of Gibraltar,' as the senator in Congress said. You'll understand that better, madam, when you study '*jogafy*,' as you call it.

"Well—this poor little fellow has got what is called the *bribum unim fuchum presidentum* complaint."

"Goody gachus!—what a complaint!" exclaimed Alice; "whereabouts is it—in his head?"

"All over him," sighed the Doctor; "and it has made him stumpy, and turned him all manner of colours. He can't stand much longer; and I am afraid I shall have to tell his anxious mother not to let him stay shaking in the wind, not knowing which way to steer, but put him in a Dutch crockery basin, and keep him with the plum pudding on the shelf behind the door."

"But how are you going to cure him?" asked Alice.

"Oh! cut his head off! It's the only way."

"Dear me—too bad! Stephen Doublus Greenhorn!—plum pudding! I should like to eat a spoonful of him fried with molasses."

"It would take a precious lot of molasses to make him go down, madam," said the Doctor, screwing up her mouth to the size of a button, and shaking her head in a woful manner, "he's a gone 'coon, and no mistake. But I must not stay here any longer. I've a great many calls to make. Went to see a boy yesterday—his mother sent for me to examine him, and see what his skin was made of. She thought it must be leather or tin, for his schoolmaster had given him an awful thrashing the day before, and the boy said it 'didn't hurt a bit.' So I took him into a room alone, and I said, 'John Hail, my dear boy, what are you made of?'"

"Why, sir," said John, "if you *won't* tell, I'll tell you;" and he hitched up his trousers, and

opened his eyes and shut his mouth, and paraded up and down the room with his hands in his pockets until I promised.

"Well, sir," he began, "old Dr Crackaway said he would give me a whipping if I didn't know my grammar. Of *course*, I did not know it! I never heard of a boy that did; and I was sure of the beating, so I put on, one over the other, all the knickerbockers I had—nine pairs; and, though I kicked, and struggled, and howled, I was laughing all the time inside of my hands. Wasn't it fun? Please don't tell mother, she'll hide my knickerbockers. I wish she would burn my grammar—I hate it! I don't see any use in ante cedents, or uncle cedents either, and parsing nearly puts me into fits—but please don't tell!"

"So, as I had promised to keep the nine pairs of knickerbockers a State secret, I comforted his mother as well as I could, telling her that I thought her son's tin skin was owing to too much study, and she had better postpone his learning grammar for a year longer, and left her rejoicing."

At this moment Sarah's mother came to call her. She inquired, with great sympathy, after the baby's health, and advised Alice to sing her to sleep if she could. Then Sarah said, "good-bye, good-bye," and stooped down and kissed Alice's little rosy mouth (which seems to me doctors don't usually do—I *don't know though*); then, putting the old hat on her head, with a whack that made it as flat as a pancake, she creaked off into the next room.

When Alice found herself alone, she looked down at dolly with a tender air, and commenced softly to sing in her droll little voice :

"Old Mammy Glowshoes
 Couldn't go to meetin',
'Cause she had no shoes
 For to put her feet in."

"Poor thing ! she's fast asleep. I'll put her in the bed." So Alice laid her softly down, flat on her back, with her black nose sticking straight up

in the air, and the twenty stiff tails bristling right and left.

"Such a beauty as she was to scare away the crows!"

Alice began to consider what she should do while dolly slept. She thought she would read a little while, so she went to Sarah's book-shelf and took down "*Pildum's Pogus*," which was her way of calling "Pilgrim's Progress," and sat down to read. Between you and me, she could not *really* read, so she soon tired of that; and, looking up, her eye rested upon dolly's black nose—"It's *very* black," she whispered to herself.

Presently she commenced counting her little fat fingers, and found she had nineteen, and then she looked again in a grave, serious way at dolly's nose.

"It must be so!" said Alice. Cato, the great statesman, had said that before her.

"That nose *must* come off—it must come off *immediantly*. I'll cut it off!"

Then she scrambled down from her chair, and

skipped up to her mother, and borrowed her scissors, with such an unnaturally solemn air that her mother knew at once that there was "mischief in the wind," and concluded to keep an eye upon her.

Alice lifted poor dolly carefully out of bed, and went with her into a corner of the room, and turned her face to the wall, for she did not feel quite certain that the Humane Society, of which her mother was an active member, would altogether approve of the operation about to be performed.

Sarah came in at this moment, but her mother beckoned to her, and whispered her to keep perfectly still.

Little Alice looked down sideways at the doll, for all the world like a magpie looking down a marrow-bone; then, pursing up her mouth and arming herself with the scissors, she proceeded in a savage, determined manner, to hack and gnaw and cut at the nose, her mouth twisting and working from side to side just as the scissors went,

and giving vent to a piteous groan every now and then to represent Miss Mousatilla's sufferings.

Presently she murmured in a plaintive, soothing voice, "*D-o-n-'t* cry, my baby; it will *s-o-o-n* be over," cutting all the while with might and main. "It's *m-o-s-t* off, my darling."

This was too much, and Sarah and her mother clapped their hands upon their mouths and ran into the next room, where they laughed and laughed until their sides ached again.

"Oh!" said Sarah, "I believe I shall die *a-l-a-u-g-h-i-n-g*! Poor dolly, '*d-o-n-'t* cry!' Oh! '*s-o-o-n* be over.' Oh dear! what a child!"

They were very nearly upset again when they returned, and saw poor miserable Miss Mousatilla stuck upon end in the corner, staring dismally at them with a great hole in her face, while Alice was quietly tasting her nose to see what it was made of. She did not appear to like it much, for, after rolling her under lip nearly down to her chin, and saying "*p-a-h*!" she threw dolly's nose into the fire.

After all, it was a blessing it was off; for, as her mouth did not open, all the lumps of sugar and medicine were poked into the hole where her nose had been, and many a dose dolly got after that of sugar and pop-corn, bits of cake and molasses candy, not to speak of pins and needles, and small shirt buttons.

They all seemed to agree with her equally well, which makes me think she must be a near relation to the African ostrich, who always makes his dessert on broken glass and tenpenny nails. However, be that as it may, one thing is certain, that Alice thought dolly more precious and beautiful than ever, and Sarah said she was now useful as well as ornamental.

SARAH'S STORY.

“**A**LICE,” said her sister Sarah, “would you like to hear the story Miss Cox told me when I was about your age?”

“Yes,” cried Alice, “*in* course I would.”

“Well, come here, and I will tell it as well as I can remember—ahem!”

“Once upon a time, there lived a little boy, and his mother sent him to market.”

Here Sarah opened her mouth very wide, ran out her tongue, and drew it quickly in again, with a long inspiration. I believe all school-girls are in the habit of airing their tongues in this way.

“Well, she sent him to buy some eggs. He was a very stupid little boy indeed. Oh, I guess

he was ! stupid enough !—but his mother didn't know it. Well, he straggled off to market, 'cutting behind' all the omnibuses he could find, and tumbling against two or three lamp-posts, such a ninnyhammer as he was, and at last he got to market.

"Well, he found some very nice eggs, very fresh, and all that—and so he bought them and put them in his pocket. As he was coming home he was tired, and bumped down on a big stone near a beehive to rest himself, when, all of a sudden, he heard something crash ! and felt something *squash* !—and, sure enough, smash went all the eggs ! and trickled down on his pantaloons through a little hole in the bottom of his pocket,—besides which, the bees got into a passion and stung him, and he had to run for his life."

Here Sarah's eyes and mouth opened very wide, and her tongue came out to take another airing.

"Well, he ran home to his mother in great

haste, and she said, 'My son, where are the eggs?'

" 'Why, mother,' answered he, 'I put them in my pocket, and I sat down on a stone to rest, and the stone was so plaguy hard that they are all smashed.'

" '*My son!*' said his mother, 'you shouldn't have done s—o; you should have put them in a little basket, and then they would not have been broken.'

" Well, the next day she sent him to market to buy a needle. So the boy went to market and bought the needle, and put it into a little basket. *Of* course, the needle being small, in a few minutes it slipped through the cracks of the basket, and was lost."

" When he arrived home, his mother said: '*My son*, where is the needle?'

" 'Oh, mother, I put it into a little basket, *just as you told me*,—and somehow or other it got lost.'

" 'Why, *my son!*' said his mother, 'you

shouldn't have done s—o ; you should have stuck it on your coat-sleeve, and then it wouldn't have been lost.' ”

Here Sarah gave her tongue another airing ; and Alice, who watched her very closely, and imitated her in every thing, poked out her tongue too, and drew a long breath.

“ Well, the next day his mother sent him to market to buy some butter. So he found some butter that he thought was pretty good, and he stuck it on his coat-sleeve, and made tracks for home. You see the sun was very hot that day, so it melted the butter till it ran down in streams all over his clothes. I tell you what ! he would have been a perfect treasure in a soap factory. Well, when he came home, his mother said to him : ‘ My son, where is the butter ? ’

“ ‘ Why, mother,’ cried he, ‘ I stuck it on my coat-sleeve, *just as you told me*—and—and—the sun—the sun—and the sun—shone as hot as fire, and it all melted—now ! ’

“ ‘ Why, my son,’ said his mother, ‘ you shouldn’t

have done s—o. You should have put it into a little basket and covered it up with co-ol green leaves, and then it would not have melted.'

"Well—num-num-num,"—said Sarah, yawning.

"What's that?" said Alice.

"Oh! it's such a *long* story," said Sarah.

"No, it isn't," said Alice.

"Well, then, it isn't," said Sarah. "Next day his mother sent him for a little pig. So he went to market and bought a nice little pig, with its tail tied up in a double bow-knot, and put it into a little basket, and covered it with co-ol green leaves, and set out for home. But the little pig being frightened at being shut up in a basket, nibbled through the co-ol green leaves, jumped out, and ran off like a lamplighter.

"'My son, where's the pig?' said his mother.

"'Why, mother,' whined the boy, 'I put the nasty thing in a little basket, *just as you told me*, and covered it up with co-ol green leaves; and the poky old torment must go and jump out and

run away. I don't care ! there ! So !—now ! come !'

" 'But, my *son* ! you shouldn't have done s—o,' answered his mother. 'You should have tied a string around his leg, and led him along gently, then he wouldn't have been lost.'

"So next time she sent him to the intelligence office to hire a servant girl. He was dreadfully afraid of this business, so he took his great dog Towser along, and he went to the intelligence office; and after staring all round for a quarter of an hour, he chose a sharp-looking girl, with long curls and a muff, and tied a string round her ankle, and began to drag her away with all his might and main. Well, that made the servant girl as mad as forty Indians, I can tell you, so she gave him a rousing box on the ear, and broke the string, and ran off, and the boy went screeching home to his mother.

" 'My son, where is the servant girl?' said she.

" 'Why, mother,' blubbered the boy, 'I got a

very nice servant girl, and tied a string to her ankle, *just as you told me*, and she boxed my ears and ran away. Boo-hoo, h-o-o !'

"'But, my son, you shouldn't have done s—o. You should have gone up to her, and spoken politely and kindly to her, and put some money in her hand; then she would have come with you.'

"Well, next day she sent him to buy a cow. So he went to market, and selected a cow that looked good-natured and *milky*, and went up to her and made a bow, spoke politely and kindly to her, and tried to put some money in her hoof. Well, this put the cow into such a terrible rage that she put down her horns, caught up the little boy, tossed him clear up over her head away up to the moon, and there I hope he will stay. There ! what do you think of *that* for a story?" said Sarah, whirling round and making a great cheese on the floor.

"It was a very nice *describement*," answered Alice, and she commenced to spin round too,

in her little short petticoats, and straightway came down in an easy sitting position on the floor, where I left her looking very much astonished.

GRANDPA.

DID you ever have a grandfather? Let me tell you it is a capital thing to have one, especially such a dear precious old grandfather as Alice had. If her grandfather had been *yours*, and you had felt *so* cross that you had pouted, and puckered, and drawn your face all under one ear, *one* look at his beaming, kindly countenance, would have smoothed you back again better than any flat-iron, or a dozen of them for *that* matter. And if you could only have gone with him some afternoon to see little Alice, and could have heard him say to her in his glorious *heart-full* way, "Ah! there's my dear little Monsieur Pop! *Howdedo*, my love?" you would have felt good-natured and delightful for a whole month after.

Grandpa always stayed until Alice was undressed for bed. He loved to see her in her nightgown, her little white figure tearing round the room like a madcap, kissing all round for good-night, and then begging to sit up for "just one *leetle* minute more;" and if nurse attempted to catch her, up she would spring with a fluttering little scramble, and a screaming little laugh, into Grandpa's lap, knocking his spectacles off and making him say, "Bless my heart! here's a crazy magpie. Has anybody been blowing her up here with gunpowder?" And Alice would answer, with a ridiculous little wink of her eye—"Tell me a story, and I'll give you a bear's hug."

One evening I looked in just as Alice had made this speech to her Grandpa, and I heard him make this answer, and tell the following queer story:

"A bear's hug! that is very alarming; but as you are a little bear, give me a hug, and let it be a real good one."

Then Alice put her dainty arms around his

neck, and her delicate little cheek close against his, and squeezed and pressed, with all her might and main, and didn't stop until the breath was nearly out of her body, her eyes out of her head, and her chubby face as red as a rooster's hat. It didn't seem to hurt *Grandpa* much; he only cuddled her up close to him, and told her to toast her toes at the bright fire,—and, giving her a kiss, he began—

“A great many years ago, when I was a little boy”—

“How old?” said Alice, poking her finger in his ear.

“About twelve years old. I was walking one summer's afternoon up Chatham Street, thinking of nothing at all, and whistling the tune the old cow died of”—

“What tune was that?” asked Alice, giving him another little poke.

“Bonaparte's March crossing over the Rhine,” answered Grandpa. (“It's a wonder the soldiers didn't capsize and tumble *into* the Rhine when

they heard it). Well, I was walking along, just where all the second-hand clothing-stores were *then*, and are *now*—

“Second-hand !” said Alice, examining her toes, “what do you mean by second-hand ?”

“Clothes that have been half-worn, and then the owners sell them to the men that keep these shops, who sell them again to poor people.”

“Oh !” said Alice.

“Well, at the door of one of these shops there sat a great fat man, in a rickety old chair. In the very middle of his face was a great red nose, with a hump on it like a camel’s back, great pudding cheeks on either side, and a prodigious mouth, in which was a short pipe. His mouth was so big, that he could shut one-half of it and hold the pipe firm, while with the other half he appeared to be singing. One fat leg was crossed over the other, and the foot dangled loosely to and fro, just like the old pantaloons that hung up above him, fluttering in the wind. I drew near to hear him sing”—

"And what *was* he singing? The Woodbine Bower?" asked Alice.

"Not quite," said Grandpa, laughing. "He was looking intently up at the pantaloons, and singing

‘Rat-a-ta-ta ra-ra-ra, rat-ta-t——ee,
Boo-boo-boo-boo-boo-boo——oo.’

raising his voice away up at the first line, and letting it down at the second."

"What a song!" said Alice, laughing; "what a booby!"

"It made me laugh too, I can tell you. Presently he stooped over and took hold of his leg with his hands, and let it gently down; then he lifted up the other leg and crossed it over the first; then he leaned back in his chair, looked up at the dangling pantaloons, and began again—

‘Rat-a-ta-ta ra-ra-ra, rat-ta-t——ee,
Boo-boo-boo-boo-boo-boo——oo.’"

Here Alice laughed again, and her mother and father laughed, and everybody laughed like anything.

"In a minute or two the old fellow put his great leg down as before, and hauled the other one up on top, tipped up his chair, fastened his eyes on the flapping pantaloons, and out came the

'Rat-a-ra-ra-ra a-a-ra, rat-at-e——ee,
Boo-oo——oo.'

when over went the chair, the old fellow, pipe and all, heels over head, all mixed up in such a hodge-podge, that nobody could tell for a minute which side his head would come up: and when it *did* come up! what do you think?"

"Why, what?" said Alice, holding her breath.

"Why, his pipe was stuck fast to the end of his nose; and when he pulled it off, the end of his nose was blazing, and they had to carry him to the pump and pump on him to put it out. Alas! the end was *burnt* off! but that wasn't any great matter; for he had plenty to spare."

"Poor old fat man!" said Alice, trying hard to look sorry, "did he finish the boo-ing?"

"I don't know, for I ran off as hard as I could,

laughing till I split half my buttons off. It was cruel to laugh, but I could not help it; could you, Monsieur Pop?"

"A-kitch ch-o-o," said Alice.

"Ah! that's French for catching cold, I suppose," said Grandpa. "Off to bed, you little bright-eyed roly-poly." So he kissed her, and everybody else kissed her, and she scampered away on her "tippey-toes" to bed; and there you may see her now, if you choose, with the end of her little nose just peeping out. But don't burn the end of it off with the candle. *She* has none to spare, I warrant you.

GOOD LITTLE HENRY.

GOOD little Henry was between six and seven years old. He had been ill a great many times during his short life: perhaps that had helped to make him so quiet and gentle, and so obedient to his kind parents. He was their only child, and he lived in a fine house, in a handsome wide street in New York, very near Union Park.

When the weather was pleasant, and Henry felt well, he was allowed to play on the walk with the children who lived in the houses on either side. There were a number of nice little boys and girls who lived in that street, and Henry had many a fine frolic with them. Sometimes

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they would run races with their hoops, and very often they had a grand play with their velocipedes. The boys would get three or four of these in a row, pretending that they were locomotives on a railroad, and, after puffing and blowing off steam, they would all give a shrill scream together, loud enough to frighten all the little dogs, and big ones too, over to the other side of the street; then off they would start, like so many little crazy monkeys, working away at the wheels until their arms ached terribly, and they were obliged to stop, to puff and blow in real earnest, and get up more steam by resting themselves.

When it was time for Henry to come home, his father would go to the front door and give a little sharp whistle. It was a peculiar whistle, and could be heard quite a great way.

The moment little Henry heard this whistle, if he was in the middle of the most amusing play, he would stop instantly, and run home as fast as his legs could scamper, rush up the steps, jump

into his father's arms, and say, "Here I am, papa, all ready for the four B's."

What did Henry mean by the four B's? I am almost sure you will all say, "Bread, butter, bath, and bed." Yes, that is right. But before the last "B," that is, "bed," Henry never forgot to say his prayers; then he would jump into bed, and fall asleep in five minutes.

One day in the beginning of summer, Henry's mother received a letter from New Haven, saying, that *her* mother, who of course was Henry's grand-mamma, was very ill, and begging that she would come to her as soon as possible, and bring little Henry with her. When she had finished reading the letter, she said, "My dear little boy, would you like to go to New Haven and visit your grandma, and your dear little cousin Nelly?"

"Grandma!" cried Henry, "oh yes! very much indeed."

"But will you be very quiet? for she is ill."

"Yes, mamma," said Henry, "I will help you to nurse her, and run for the doctor, and bring

sweet flowers for her to smell, and make her better."

So Henry's mother said he might go. She packed up his things in a large black trunk with hers, and the next morning they started in the railroad.

"Mamma, mamma, what a horrible noise the steam horse makes!" said Henry, as they were rushing along; "just as we boys do when we play locomotive."

"I think," replied his mother, "they had better hire you to scream instead of the steam horse; you make such a terrible noise, that you would frighten all the cows along the road into fits."

Henry laughed and said he had rather live with his dear father and mother, than be screaming all day, to frighten cows and other people.

When they arrived in New Haven, Henry's mother was very glad to find that his grandmamma was much better; but she thought she would stay a few days, because her little son took great delight in being there. His grandmamma

had a fine large garden, and she gave Henry and Nelly permission to play in it as much as they liked, and made each of them a present of a small rake and hoe, to dig in a little corner that she said should be their garden.

Henry and his cousin were delighted with this present. They worked all day in the garden, and planted roots upside down, because they did not know any better, and put seeds all over, and dug them up every day, to see how they came on.

One day his mother called, "Henry, Henry, come to me for one moment."

"Yes, mamma," cried Henry, and he threw down his hoe and rake, and ran into the house.

"I am writing to your Aunt Sarah, my dear," said his mother. "Shall I give her a message from you?"

"From me? Why,—yes," replied Henry, hopping up and down on one foot, "only I am so dirty, my clothes are all over dirt. Give my love to Aunt Sarah, and tell her that I am working in my garden, and I am very dirty indeed; my

clothes are quite shocking, and my hands are really *degusting*; but then, you know, I must expect to get dirty if I am a gardener; it can't be helped, can it, mamma? Tell her that too."

His mother laughed, and wrote it all down just as he had told her; and when his aunt got the letter, and came to "*degusting*," she laughed too, very heartily.

In a few days Henry had to give up his trade of gardener. His mother bought a pretty little collar, with tiny tassels for him to present to his cousin Nelly, and then he returned to New York, very much pleased with his visit, and leaving behind him a great many new friends, for all loved the amiable and good little boy.

After they had been home a little while, it happened one evening, as Henry was taking his usual bath, that he heard his mother say to his father, "Henry is getting so large now, that it hurts my back very much to lift him out of the bath."

His kind mother always attended to him herself, because, as I have told you, he was so deli-

cate, and had been ill so much, that she knew she would be more gentle and tender with him than a nurse.

When little Henry heard what his mother had said, he did not speak a single word, but he thought all the more. His mother rubbed him very dry, put on his night-gown, and heard him say his prayers, and then he kissed her, and jumped into bed.

The little fellow lay awake a long time, thinking very intently. Presently he said to himself, "What shall I do for my dear mother? I do not want her back to ache again. The bath-tub is so high, I cannot get out by myself. I wish I was as light as my little kitten when poor mamma lifts me out, and a great heavy fellow all the rest of the time. O—h! now I know. I have thought of an excellent plan. Yes, I will do it to-morrow night," and Henry clapped his hands and gave a funny little chuckling laugh, and was soon fast asleep.

The next morning, at breakfast, Henry said to

his mother, "Does your back hurt you now, dear mamma?"

"No, my dear," she replied, "it only hurts me when I lift anything heavy."

"Mamma, tell me, don't you wish I was the size of Tom Thumb? then you could bathe me in the slop-bowl."

His mother laughed and answered, "No, indeed, my son; I hope you will grow larger and heavier every day, because then you will become strong and healthy."

"Well, then, dear mamma," said he, "I will grow in the greatest hurry, and when I am a man I will carry you in my arms all the time, and never let you get tired the least bit."

Henry was a very good boy all that day. He did every thing he could think of to save his mother trouble, and read stories out of his little books to amuse her, and when he tried to teach Kitty to read too, he was as patient and good tempered as possible, though Kitty would not learn or mind a word he said, but only scratched the

leaves, and then scampered off, trying to catch her own tail.

When Henry had had his supper, he went softly up stairs into the bath-room, and filled the bath half-full of water ; he then undressed himself and took two little chairs : they were his own chairs. He put one close to the tub, and held the other in his hand. He mounted up on the chair, and then put the one in his hand into the water ; but it would not go down. It bobbed about and tumbled over on its back.

“Hollo,” said Henry, “I believe the chair is crazy. I shall have to hold it tight.” So he pushed it down into the water, stepped carefully over the edge of the tub, and put his foot on the chair inside.

“I’m in, I’m in !” cried little Henry, “now dear mamma won’t have any pain to-night ; only the chair will have the back-ache ; but that’s nothing. The chair cannot feel. Oh ! I am *so* glad !”

So the dear little fellow played a few minutes with his chair, making believe that it was a steam-

boat, with the piece of soap and the sponge for passengers. He then washed himself quickly, and got out of the bath the same way he got in.

While he was trying to dry himself, he heard his mother call out, "Henry, Henry."

"Here I am," he answered.

"Where?" said his mother.

"Here, mamma, in the bath-room; I'm most dry."

His mother ran up stairs, and when she came into the room, she said, "Why, you little mouse, what have you been doing? I thought you were reading down stairs in the corner all this time."

"Only look, dear mamma," cried the little boy, jumping up and down, "only see what an excellent plan I have got to cure you. Your back will always be well now. It won't hurt the chair a bit to have a ducking every night. It will make it stronger, and then you know I can wipe it dry, and it will do to sit on as well as ever."

His mother took him in her arms and kissed him, and said: "Dear, thoughtful little boy. How

grateful I am to God that He has given me a good son ! You have made me feel very happy, for if my dear little boy is so anxious to save me *now* from a pain in my back, I feel assured that, when he is a man, he will be just as careful never to give me a far worse pain in my heart, or cause my hair to turn grey with his misconduct."

Henry hugged his mother close to his little breast, and said he would always try to be good.

He always *did* try. After this he went up stairs alone every night and bathed himself, and in every thing else he tried to save his kind parents trouble, and make them happy.

When little children try to be good, it is quite wonderful how well they succeed.

THE NEW HISTORY OF DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

CHAPTER I.

I SUPPOSE you have heard before about Dame Trot; but as I know more of her and her family than is generally told, perhaps you will like it better as I am going to tell it.

The good little woman lived in a nice little house, with a nice little cat as white as snow, that she called Selina; and a little dog named Toby, who was not quite so nice, and a little servant girl, who made believe she was nicer than the cat and the dog put together. But this was a sad mistake, for she could not keep her fingers out of the Dame's jelly pots. When she ought to

have been dusting the parlour, she was dipping into the pies ; and when she ought to have been filling the lamps, she was filling her stomach with the Dame's goodies. She had rather an odd fashion of tasting the preserves with her fingers, because they tasted better that way, and besides, it saved her the trouble of washing a spoon. But then, when she had emptied the pot, she always tied it up very carefully, as if it were full, and this was the way she was caught at last and lost her place. For the Dame, wishing to make a present to a nice little girl she liked, picked out a jar which was marked "strawberries," and putting a paper round it, she wrote on it these words, "an agreeable surprise for my little friend." But when her little friend came to open it, she was surprised in a way the Dame did not intend, for the jar was full of nothing.

So Dame Trot told her little maid to go, and she went, and now the Dame and the Cat and the Dog were left to keep house the best way they could.

The morning my story begins, the Dame had

been hunting for a new servant ; but as she wanted the best cook and washer and ironer that ever was heard of, and one too, who hated pies worse than poison, who had rather take salts than sweetmeats, and castor oil than cake, she had come home without her servant and with a tremendous appetite.

But while she had been gone, Selina, the cat, had been thinking how she could help her mistress—and at last she said to the dog :

“Toby, don’t you think we ought to be doing something for the Dame ?”

“Well,” said Toby, who was rather a lazy dog, and was just then amusing himself by lying on his back with all four legs in the air, and snapping at flies—

“Well,” said Toby, “I think we ought,—suppose *you* begin ?”

“Really,” said Selina, “that’s one way of helping me ; but never mind, I will prepare a chicken to roast, and when it is ready you shall turn the spit and baste it.”

So Selina picked out a nice fat chicken, and having stuffed it with chestnuts, she put it to the fire and set Toby to do his part of the work, while she was making a beautiful salad to eat with it.

Toby turned the spit sometimes fast and sometimes slow, and sometimes not at all, and put on the basting pretty much the same way. The roast smelt so nice that he lost a good deal of time in licking his chops and wondering which part he would get. Presently a fine large chestnut dropped out of the stuffing, and Toby immediately stuffed it into his own mouth. The chestnut was hot, but Toby could not bear to give it up, and he was rolling it about first on one side and then on the other, when Selina happened to look at him, and seeing his cheek swelled out, exclaimed, "Why, Toby, you have got a swelled face! Let me see what's the matter,"—and clapping her paw suddenly against it, she burned his tongue so that the chestnut came out of his mouth as quick as if it had been shot out of a gun.

"Aha! you rogue, that's the way you tend the roast, is it? Let me catch you at it again, and I will give you a better basting than you are giving the chicken."

Toby promised not to do so again, and he cried as if he was very sorry; but I believe he was crying more for his burnt tongue than for his sins.

At last all was ready, and just then the Dame came in, hungry and tired.

"Well, my dear mistress," said Selina, "are you ready for your dinner?"

"Indeed I am, but is the dinner ready for me?"

"To be sure it is,—the table is set, the salad is dressed, the chicken is roasted, and Toby's tongue is burnt."

"Toby's tongue burnt! and how did that happen?"

"Oh, only because Toby wanted a basting; but never mind that now, or the dinner will get cold."

So saying, she led the way into the dining-room and began to carve the chicken. Toby took his seat and put out his paw for a piece before the good Dame was helped ; but a sound rap with the carving knife made him howl an apology very quick. Selina cut up the fowl like a cat of real talent as she was, gave Dame Trot a beautiful slice of the breast, and Toby a drumstick to remind him of the beating he deserved. He behaved pretty well, only he made such a terrible growling over his bone that Selina had to tell him several times not to interrupt the conversation.

All went on very pleasantly till the candle happened to want snuffing.

Toby jumped up in a great hurry to do it, and did it so well that he snuffed it out. It took a few minutes to light it, and then they could see each other again ; but, strange to say, they could not see the chicken or Toby either. A singular noise made Selina look under the table, and there the rogue was, and the chicken too.

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Toby tried to laugh and say he did it for a joke to amuse the company, but the company thought he did it rather more to amuse himself, and save Selina the trouble of helping him.

However, they forgave him, and the dinner came to an end without any more accidents.

Then the Dame brought a bottle of old wine, and they all grew merry over it.

Selina sung a song from the Italian opera of the White Cat, called the Miau-Miaulis Serenade. Toby told about a visit he once made to the circus, and tried to turn a somerset like one of the performers. But he only tumbled on his nose, and made the Dame laugh till she almost fell off her seat, and gave Selina a chance to make a rhyme on him :

Toby is a funny dog,
He wants to cut a figure,
But he'll never make a tumbler
Till he gets a little bigger.

Then Selina danced the Cat-chucha, and did it so well that the mice peeped out of their holes to

look at her, and then she tried a fancy dance, accompanying herself with the dinner bell, and Toby said she was the belle of bells.

By and by, being tired of their capers, Toby and Selina sat down on one side of the fire and the Dame on the other, and Selina told the story of Puss and Boots.

When she came to the part where puss threatened to make hash of the reapers if they did not say the field belonged to the Marquis of Carabas, Toby was particularly pleased, because he was always thinking of eating, and would as lief have eaten a hash made of reapers as of anything else.

When it came to his turn to tell a story, he gave them the fable of the Dog and the Shadow. The dog was going over a bridge with a piece of meat in his mouth, when he thought he saw another dog with another piece of meat, but it was only his own shadow in the water. So he snapped at the other dog to get his piece, and down went his own into the stream, and so he lost both.

Toby said he would not have been so stupid, for when a bit got in his mouth it was sure to stay there.

At last the evening came to an end, and they all went to bed in good humour.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Selina got up early, swept the room, made the fire, and put on the breakfast to cook. While she was busy she heard a piteous mewing at the door, and sent Toby to see what it meant. On the front steps he found a poor little kitten, who looked as if she did not know what milk was. Her tail hung down between her legs, her whiskers were out of curl, and it was very plain she had not had a *licking* from her mother for a week. In her mouth she held a piece of paper, with some writing on it, which looked as if a fly had been walking on the paper with inky legs.

He took the scrap in to Selina, but he was a good while on the way, and when he gave it to her it was harder to read than ever.

The fact is, the paper had once been wrapped round something greasy, and master Toby had been licking it, which of course did not do the writing any good.

So Selina went to see the kitten herself, who told her that her mother was an old friend of Selina's, and was very ill, and wanted Selina to come and see her.

Selina promised to come, and as soon as she had got the breakfast cooking well she started. To arrive there the sooner, she jumped on Toby's back; and as she had often practised it, she sat with as much grace as if she had been a regular circus-rider. Toby being in a hurry to get back to his breakfast, went off at a full gallop, so that for once in his life his greediness was of some use, and helped along her goodness.

When they arrived at the house where the kitten lived, they found her waiting at the door.

She took them up to a miserable garret, and there, on a wretched heap of straw, they found the sick cat in the middle of her other kittens, who were all in full cry. Selina sat down by her and spoke kindly to her, and gave her something better than words in the shape of a piece of apple pie. The poor cat took it gratefully, gave some to her kittens, and then ate a little herself, while Selina supported her head. When she felt a little more comfortable, Selina began to think of the Dame's breakfast, and after promising to come again soon, she called Toby to take her home. Toby at first was in no hurry to leave the corner of the room, because he had found something there to eat; but at last he came and started off with Selina.

He had not gone more than half way when he began to cut some very strange capers, which rather astonished his rider.

"Why, Toby!" said she, "what's the matter?"

"Oh! I don't know," said Toby; but I have such a pain in my insides! oh! eh! ki-i!"

"What have you been eating?"

"Oh, nothing much! only something I found in the poor cat's room. It tasted sweet, and I thought I would just take a little. Oh! I'm afraid I'm poisoned! Oh! ki-i—ki-i!!!"

"Toby, stop your noise and run on."

"Oh, yes! very easy to say run on! but how can a fellow run when he's all doubled up with a stomach-ache! Oh! my! ki-i!"

The noise he made brought all the boys in the street after them with yells of delight at seeing the cat riding, the dog twisting, and squirming, and doubling up with pain, and going on as if five hundred fleas were biting him at once.

Selina laughed, the boys screamed, and Toby howled, till at last their arrival at the Dame's house closed the entertainment.

The dame burst out laughing at the queer ending of their ride, and Toby took advantage of it to hurry out of the room, and relieve his stomach of the sad effect of his gluttony.

Selina got the breakfast ready, and having made a beautiful cup of coffee for the Dame, and

helped Toby, she took a bowl of milk and put it away in the closet, without eating anything herself.

"What is the matter, Selina?" said the Dame.
"Are you ill?"

"No; but I have been this morning to see a poor friend, a cat of Mr Punch's, and she has five kittens to take care of. Her husband is a lazy old Tom, who is always galloping over the roofs, and never thinks of his family. When he is willing to work he plays in Mr Punch's theatre, and his part is to take all the beatings."

"A very fine business," said Toby. "I should rather take some other character!"

"No doubt! but if you got what you deserve that part would be just the thing for you. But to go on with my story: When her old Tom won't act she takes his place, and bears every thing cheerfully for the sake of her children. I took her some pie this morning, but I thought the milk would be better for her."

"Why don't you give her the bones of the chicken we had yesterday?" said the Dame.

"Oh!" said Toby, hanging his head, "I felt rather unwell in the night, so I—I—ate them."

"Well, no matter!" said the Dame, "but drink the milk yourself, Selina, and you shall have some more for her, and we will all save some scraps of our breakfast for her."

But, alas! as far as Toby was concerned, this advice came too late, for his breakfast was already gobbled up to the last bit, and so to punish him for his meanness the Dame declared he should go without his dinner, and his dinner should be taken to the poor cat.

CHAPTER III.

SOME time before, Selina had promised Toby to teach him to play on the flute; so when the Dame went out she gave him his first lesson.

"Come here, Toby, 'lend me your ear,' as Shakespeare says."

"Who's he, and what do you want of my ear? Are you going to bite it?"

"No; I want you to listen with it. Now, attend. There are seven notes in music—A B C D E F G. Now, take the flute and sound the notes as I tell you."

"A! Why don't you make it?" and to wake him up she gave him a good scratch.

"Ay! ay! ay!" howled Toby.

"That's a good A,—but why didn't you make it on the flute? Now, B!"

"Bee! a bee! where, where?" said Toby, running under the table.

"No, no! I mean the B that comes before C."

"Oh! I see *that* B plain enough. I thought you meant the bee that comes before a sting."

"Stop your nonsense and play!"

"Thank you! I'll go play with pleasure," said Toby, making for the door.

"Stop! stop and sound D, and then I will show you how to take your E's."

"Oh, I know how to take my ease," said Toby, lying down.

"O Toby! Toby!" said Selina, "you are a sad

dog! I am afraid I shall never make anything of you: so I will play myself and you shall dance."

But Toby did not like dancing any better than music; so he said, "You had better play the tune called 'I cannot dance to-night.'"

"Oh! I understand you, lazy-bones, you mean 'Sleeping, I dream, love!' Well, go to sleep, then, and I will dance and play too."

And so she did; and did it so well that Toby fairly forgot to go to sleep, so much did he admire her.

And this was the last that ever was heard of Toby's music lessons.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE day when Dame Trot was at market, Selina sat alone wondering what had become of Toby. Presently he came in covered with blood and dirt.

“ Why, where have you been, Toby, and what have you been about ? ”

Toby did not like to tell ; but at last it came out that he had been trying to improve his breakfast by stealing a heart from a butcher. This, of course, made the butcher more heart-less than he was naturally, and, catching Toby, he gave him a hearty beating, and Toby ran home with less in his stomach and a good deal more on his back than he had bargained for.

“ Well,” said Selina, “ it serves you right for being such a thief and a glutton. But come and let me make you look a little decent ” So she put him in a high chair, tied a napkin round his neck, and soused a whole basinful of soap-suds right into his mouth and eyes. Toby snuffled and sneezed and spat, but Selina held him fast, and, having given him a good scrubbing and lathering, she went to work with a razor and shaved him as neatly as any barber. Then she trimmed up his whiskers with the scissors, and heated the tongs in the fire to curl them, and was just giving them

the first twist, when who should come in but Dame Trot, and very much amused she was to see her comical cat turned hairdresser.

"And now," said Selina, "I am going to dress myself; so do you, Toby, sit down by the fire and look at this picture-book, and don't get yourself all dirt again."

"What a cat it is!" thought Toby. "What does she mean by dressing herself? I wonder if she is going to curl her tail. I only wish she would cut her claws, and then she couldn't scratch me quite so often."

In the meantime Selina was carefully licking herself all over, and washing her face with her paws, and bending herself double to get at her back, and making herself as shiny as a cat knows how.

Then she went to a handbox and took out a charming little silk hat trimmed with red ribbons, and a beautiful silk dress and shawl, and proceeded to rig herself out from head to foot like a perfect lady.

Then she called Toby to hold the glass, so that she could take a good look at herself.

“How charming you are,” said he; “if I was not a dog, I should ask you to marry me.”

“I don’t know whether I should take you, if you did. No, I can’t marry you, Toby, but if you are a good dog, I will remember you when I die, and never scratch you out of my will.”

“I wish you would never have it in your will to scratch me before you die, for I don’t like it a bit. I don’t want a clause in your will, but I don’t want the claws in your feet either.”

“If you behave badly, I certainly shall scratch you, and you stand in danger of the Old Scratch being after you too, I can tell you, if you don’t lead a better life. But now I am dressed, so go and call me a carriage.”

CHAPTER V.

"My lady's carriage!" cried Toby, as a charming little carriage drove up.

"What! my lady's carriage!" said Dame Trot, who just then came in. "And where is my Selina going, so beautifully dressed?"

"My good mistress, I am going to pass the day and evening with Mr Punch's cat."

"Is it that unfortunate cat you went to see when she was ill? I suppose she has got well, then."

"Oh yes, and what is better, her old Tom is dead, and Mr Punch has given her fifty dollars a year to live on, by way of reward for her goodness. And the first thing she is going to do with her good fortune is to give a cats' concert for the benefit of the poor. Bunny the Rabbit is to play a solo on the drum; I am to dance a sailors' hornpipe with Mr Punch; the kittens are to dance the mouse quadrille with a live mouse, and the

evening is to conclude with a collection for the poor."

"And what has become of her bad husband?"

"Oh, her bad husband has been turned into a good stew by the eating-house keeper, and was sold yesterday by the plateful. He was more liked dead than alive—only they called him 'stewed rabbit,' and everybody believed it except one old fellow who found his claws in his plate; but they made the other customers think it was a new kind of rabbit who always had claws."

"Well, Tom was served right; he was a bad husband, and we cannot call his fate hard, and I am glad to hear that his flesh was soft."

"Now, kind dame, good-bye," said Selina, "every thing is ready for you—your dinner is cooked, your bed made, and your parlour swept. I am going to take Toby with me for a beau, but he shall come back to guard the house, and I will bring him home a good supper."



So the dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, "your servant,"
The cat said, "miau miau!"

and off they went to the party; and between you and me they made a far more elegant appearance than this young lady and gentleman do, who, as you see in the picture, are out for an airing—on a *cow*.

A few days after, the dame had the luck to get a new servant, who kept the house nicely, and never meddled with her goodies; and the dame, and the cat, and the dog, ever after lived in good humour, good case, and good-will, and, for aught that I know, they may live there still.

MASSA CHARLES AND HIS FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

“ Handsome is that handsome does.”

A WAY down in Charleston, which (as anybody with ears has heard often enough) is a large city in the peppery state of South Carolina, there lived an excellent, kind-hearted little gentleman, whom all the coloured people called “ Massa Charles;” and as I never heard his other name, or, if I did, I have forgotten it entirely, we’ll just call him “ Massa Charles” too, and say nothing more about it.

Massa Charles was not handsome, but his small hazel eyes had such a gentle, yet beaming light in them, that they utterly suppressed and van-

quished the terror that might otherwise have been inspired in the hearts of beholders by his great and fierce-looking Roman nose; then his manner was so cordial, and his voice, when he spoke, sounded so hearty and cheery, you will readily believe that, spite of his fierce nose and sharp teeth, he was called "de berry bestest massa in de hole wide world."

When Massa Charles was a very young man, he had occasion to go to Boston on business. While there, he became acquainted with a young lady who was very beautiful, and, what was a great deal better, but rather strange, she was as good as she was beautiful. Her eyes were brilliant as diamonds, but far more precious, for their loving and sunny glances came warm from a pure heart and a noble nature; and you will admit there is not much warmth, or loving-kindness either, in the flashing of diamonds. If you attempt to heat *them* up, they will presently turn into a worthless lump of charcoal; so, upon the whole, bright eyes are better than bright stones.

Massa Charles thought so likewise, while he watched the graceful and unstudied movements of this lovely young lady, as she flitted about her father's house on her dainty little feet, like a sun-beam broke loose from the sky. She was the mistress of her father's household, for, alas! her mother was dead.

So what does Massa Charles do but fall desperately in love with this northern beauty, up to his very ears and eyes, and over them too; and nothing would do but he must marry her and carry her off to Charleston to live.

But she shook her pretty head at first: she thought she wouldn't go. She did not think she should "admire" to live down south; it was not to be compared with "down east;" and Boston! it was her birthplace, and just the dearest, crookedest, up hill and down dale delectable city in the world. There was not, there *could* not be, another street like Beacon Street, nor any park half so beautiful as the Common. Then, Boston was called the "Athens of America," and of course

was at the very head of the first class in classics; and did not Longfellow, that marvellously witching poet, belong to Boston? he who made the rough English words sound like passionate Italian music, and stirred up the answering echoes in every heart by his brave and beautiful "Psalm of Life."

And then another difficulty: in Charleston they had "coloured help," and Kate was not used to coloured help. She had heard, to be sure, of "old family servants," a blessing unknown at the North, faithful loving servants, and humble but devoted friends. Indeed, not very long before she had listened to an anecdote, related by a stately, noble-looking gentleman, who had felt it no shame that his brilliant, intelligent eyes were dimmed and tearful, as he told the simple story of his old black nurse, his "dear old *matúma*," whom he had not seen for years, and who had died while he was in the very heart of Burmah, and how the news of her death had been conveyed to him, accompanied by her old worn Bible, the fly-leaves completely filled with specimens of his boyish hand-

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writing, done at her especial behest, and to her amazing wonder and delight; and this book, being her most precious earthly treasure, she had entreated with her last breath might be sent to her "dear young massa." This little story had greatly touched and softened Kate's heart when she heard it, and now the remembrance was of service to her loving swain, as you will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

"Patience and perseverance conquer all difficulties."

MASSA CHARLES found out the value of proving the above familiar adage to his heart's content. He had not written it so often when a boy at school for nothing; and placing it in his memory as a rainbow of hope amidst clouds of doubt and anxiety, he wrote the fair Northerner a simple but eloquent letter, with a quotation from Shakespeare, his favourite author, in it, which read thus :

“Canst thou love me, Kate? A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly. If thou wouldst have such an one, have me.”

Kate, for that also was *her* name, carried this unique epistle to her father, blushing like a whole acre of roses, her small white teeth gleaming, as a melodious little laugh, half of shame, half fun, escaped her; and her father, upon reading it, immediately put her in a terrible flutter, by asking her all sorts of strange questions, patting her on the cheek, and wondering if it was because she was not happy that she wished to leave him, and what was *he* going to do when she ran off with the letter-writer? He was an excellent young man, to be sure, he knew *that*, or he would never have permitted him to make love to such a dear

daughter, although assisted by whole pages of Shakespeare; but if *she was sure she loved him* (and here her father laid his hand solemnly on her head), she had his consent to marry him, and he prayed for God's blessing on them both.

Kate's little trembling laugh, like the trill of a robin, had sounded faintly through the room until now, when suddenly it was changed to two or three little gasping sighs, and throwing herself into her father's arms, she fairly broke down, like a tender-hearted woman as she was, and deliberately set her poor father sniffing for company, by having a "real good cry."

But when Massa Charles came that evening to know his fate, she nobly resisted her wicked inclination to tease him and keep him on tenter-hooks of suspense, for she just let him know somehow that he had won her with that "good heart," which information so enraptured the good little man, he had much ado to keep from cutting a double pigeon-wing on the spot (for he was an excellent dancer), but managed to content himself

with declaring that he was the happiest fellow on earth, and half-an-hour afterwards asserting that he was the most miserable being in existence, unless she immediately consented to "settle the preliminaries."

By "preliminaries," Massa Charles probably meant getting married, for it so happened that, after a deal of shopping, and fussing, and going through a short ceremony, and any quantity of tears and blessings and adieus, he carried his beautiful wife triumphantly home to Charleston.

CHAPTER III.

IN her new and strange home, Kate's well-trained systematic mind, and orderly New England education, were destined to be astonished a little, for her husband had been keeping "bachelor's hall" with two other gentlemen, who were intimate friends, in a large and handsome house

which he owned, and to which she was invited as soon as she arrived, to a grand tea-party. The company was to consist of the two remaining bachelors and two Charleston ladies, relations of theirs, who were invited to keep her in countenance; and although Massa Charles's bride expected a pretty free-and-easy style of housekeeping, I am bound to record that the festive banquet so far exceeded her expectations, that she was nearly choking half-a-dozen times with suppressed laughter. She has made up for her constraint since, I warrant you, and nobody enjoys a laugh over her description of the "grand affair" with more zest than the bachelors and her husband.

The bride was handed into the drawing-room and introduced, with great pride and many flourishes, to the ladies, who were charming, and the bachelors, who were fine handsome men, of elegant bearing and manners, and whose genuine congratulations were proffered to Massa Charles, with such unmistakable looks in their faces of admiration at his choice, that the delicate pink

bloom on his young wife's cheeks was magically changed to damask roses, and she was glad at last to be permitted to sit quietly down and take a survey of the room and her new friends.

The room was very large and of fine proportions. An old matting covered the floor, and about twenty chairs, whose forms, like the verbs, were regular, irregular, and defective, were stuck around in an unconcerned sort of way, looking as if they had quite lost their reputation as respectable, responsible chairs, and didn't care who knew it. A large, solid mahogany table stood in the centre of the floor. It did not stand straight—that was distressing; the table-cloth was at least a quarter of a yard more on one side than the other—that was *more* distressing; but the extraordinary appearance of things seen *on* the table was positively *most* distressing; for on a massive silver waiter the tea-service was arranged, consisting of a shaving-cup, a mug with "For a good boy" painted on it, a brown earthen pint bowl, a yellow one, and oh! horror! something that looked sus-

piciously like a green pomatum-pot, all set in fine china saucers.

They had once possessed cups as well, but, when a breakage occurred, they always used the article that came first to hand. Thus it happened that the unnatural divorce of these china couples had never struck the bachelors till the last moment, as something that would rather astonish their company, and then it was too late to mend the matter; and it had only been by the most desperate rummaging that the above-mentioned substitutes had been hunted up and pressed into the service.

While the bride was inwardly "calculating" whether the pomatum-pot would fall to her share, and thinking she should certainly die if it did, and what her father and everybody else would say when they read the announcement of "Died of a pomatum-pot," a tall and powerfully-made black man came into the room, with about six pounds of butter on a large plate in one hand, and in the other a dish containing a monstrous pyramid of

waffles,* both of which he placed close together in the middle of the table.

A splendid fellow was Prince John ; for in his own country he had been a real prince : but he had been captured in war by a hostile tribe, and now, though torn away from his home, gashed and bleeding, because he resisted his savage enemies ; though sold by them into slavery, and hard worked until Massa Charles bought him, he looked “every inch a king.”

His erect and stalwart figure was worthy to represent one of Homer’s heroes, and his intelligent features, though purely African, were ennobled by the soul within ; yet they wore a quiet, settled expression, as if all hope or promise were gone utterly out from his heart. He knew he could never go back to his own country and people, but Massa Charles was kind to him, Massa Charles had promised never to sell him, and Prince John was content. His new mistress re-

* A delicious tea-cake, made of eggs, milk, and flour, and baked in fanciful shapes.

solved, as she observed the respectful loving glances that fell upon her husband from time to time, to learn his history, and, as much as possible to lighten his bonds. You would have been astonished at the quantity of good things that were put helter-skelter upon the tea-table, for you may be sure that the bachelors, with all their harum-scarum housekeeping, took good care to have a first-rate cook. There were melon sweetmeats, carved into images of birds, beasts, fishes, and flowers, that no sculptor could ever hope to imitate; piles of delicate wafer-cakes, as thin as (shall I say?) charity, as some practise it, or vanity, that melted upon the tongue like a snowflake on the water; delicious rice cakes, magnificent coffee, superlative tea, with cream, honey, guava-jelly, and many other dainties, all placed on the table crossway and cornerway, and every way but straightway; the which, as the bachelors seemed to think it all right, no one ventured to gainsay; and as one of them presided at the pouring out of tea and coffee, and generously

reserved the suspected green pomatum-pot for himself, every thing went off, or rather *went down* splendidly.

After tea, Massa Charles invited Kate and the ladies to inspect the rest of the house, as it was to be hers in a few days, as soon as the bachelors could leave. When they entered the bedrooms, Kate's gravity and good manners quite gave way, and she fairly screamed with laughter, the ladies joining in with hearty good-will as the bachelors' extraordinary style of housekeeping met their view. The rooms were large and handsome; there were no carpets or matting on the floor, but, in the very centre of each room, flat on the floor, was a large hair mattress; at the head of one was an immense log of wood for a bolster, and, on the other, were a pair of fire or dog irons crossed, with a pillow laid over the legs thereof. In one corner of this room was a gun, with a military coat hung upon it, and a fierce-looking cocked hat on the top of the coat; the mantel-piece was ornamented with several pairs of boots,

while the bootjack reposed on a pile of clean shirts on a chair by the window. On the top of the handsome mahogany wardrobe was a bust of Calhoun, the great Southern patriot, and on top of *his* head was perched a great tom-cat, who had evidently got there for safety, and was eyeing the visitors and the bootjack alternately, as if he did not know which would be pitched at him first—he knew all about the bootjack, that was certain. If the ladies had been rattlesnakes he could not have regarded them with more aversion, and, if he had dared, he would have treated them to a clapper-clawing. A handsome china pitcher stood on the marble washstand, but the basin must have been broken, for a large yellow pudding-dish did duty instead; a heavy silver candlestick stood near, with a fine wax candle in it that had been extinguished with a large silver thimble, for it still rested in a lackadaisical one-sided way on the wick. The bachelors sometimes sewed on their buttons, or, if they could not readily find a button, they ornamented their under-garments

with ends of twine, varied occasionally with bits of black tape, as one or the other were within more convenient reach. On the dressing-table was a comical mixture of cigars and pomatum, hair-brushes, clean stockings, odd gloves, a riding-whip, a volume of Shakespeare, a mouse-trap, and a live parrot who was just learning to talk, and who, having until now kept a dignified silence, all at once saluted the company with "How de-de-do. I'm pretty te-te-te well. I'm au-au-au all right;" and then slowly turned her back, stared with one eye straight at the wall, and gruffly refused to say or stutter another word.

"We live wild here, like the Arabs, my dear madam," said Major Black, one of the bachelors. "I am afraid we have forgotten that 'order is heaven's first law.' If there are any more such lovely ladies in Boston, we shall certainly follow the excellent example of our friend Charles, and beg them to take us for better, for worse, and teach us our duty."

Massa Charles looked at his blooming wife, and thought they had better not waste their time in going to Boston to find another like *her*—there was not her equal to be found—only *one* such lovely piece of Nature's handiwork had been made, and the pattern was lost. He *thought* all this, but he wisely said nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE the tour of inspection was going on upstairs, Prince John was making his report to old Chaney the cook.

"My lor'! Maum Chaney, Massa Charles ben git handsome missis for true dis yer time. She sit on she chair like de queen, and she voice soft like de whippowill."

"Hi!" grumbled Maum Chaney, "I'se 'spec she walk proud like de goose."

"Goose," shouted Prince John, "*keep straight*, Maum Chaney; 'spose you mean de peacock."

"Go 'long! Prince John, you can't larn me.

Ain't you know how de goose tink herself so berry high and mighty, that he bob he head when he go in de barn door, for fear he hit 'em on de top? *I* know—I do wish Maus Charles stay *so*. I don't mean no disrespec," continued Maum Chaney, sniffing discontentedly, "but I 'se curous to know what he want for wife; *I* manage maussa well enuf—and noting an't gwine for trouble he: *now* ebery ting go wrong; I don't want no missis"—and the old cook, like the goose, bobbed her head about, until her high bandana turban became unfastened and hung down over one eye, and gave her such a ridiculous appearance that two little negroes, her children, who had been diving into the hominy-pot, and had smeared their faces all over with white patches of the same, burst out laughing, and, pointing their fingers, cried—"Ki! Maum Chaney's eye, he flewed up in de sky," which so enraged her, that, catching up the broomstick, she made chase after them, and the little darkies received sundry whacks on their hard knobby heads and more sensitive shins before they finally

succeeded in tumbling, scratching, and scuttling out of her reach.

The bachelors had rather absurdly named these imps of mischief after the greatest philosopher and orator of ancient times, Seneca and Cicero; but Seneca—that name so suggestive of nobility and heroism—had, by some hocus-pocus, degenerated into “Sneaker,” and Cicero had been dropped altogether for “Hoppy Kicky,” in honour of the young jackanape’s marvellous feats in the highly respectable and graceful game of that name; and a difficult caper it is to cut, as any boy can prove by trying; as you must put one foot out in front as far as you can, and the other behind as far as you can, and, while keeping a sitting or stooping position, change or reverse them rapidly. Cicero could “hoppy kicky” any number of times, while the other little negroes, after the third or fourth attempt, invariably came down *hard*, in a sitting position, with their heels up in the air, and looking very much astonished.

As soon as the bachelors had found a new

home, Kate astonished her house with a regular Yankee scrubbing and cleaning, and Sneaker told Hoppy Kicky, in confidence, "Ha, boy! I tell *you*! if missis don't mind, she scrub de house into holes." She did not stop far short of that, you may depend, and then she and Massa Charles (when she could get him to go) had a tremendously interesting time, buying the new furniture, and then he bought a neat-handed mulatto girl named Venus, to wait upon her and assist in sewing, and another called Violet, or Vitey for shortness, to do the rest of the work, and Kate was as busy as a bird in the spring-time, arranging her household, and, *being* so busy, she consequently became very happy, for all the home-sickness which *would* intrude at first was fairly cheated out of her heart, and flew away like the witches on a broomstick.

And the glorious, warm-hearted Southerners! What did *they* do? Why, they did as they always do to every stranger that comes among them. Not a day passed but some rare exquisite flowers came, a delicate cake, or an offer of a

carriage, with the coachman's announcement that "My missis say, 'how d' ma'am?' she send her respec, ma'am, and want for know if you do please make de greatest possible use of de carriage, ma'am."

As to Kate, she thought all the people most delightfully crazy until she got used to this generous kindness, and then, as men, like monkeys (I beg her pardon), are the creatures of imitation, she began to do likewise, and send plates of hot buck-wheat cakes into the neighbour's houses, which the neighbours affectionately conveyed into their stomachs, which, as you know, is nearly all one with the heart, and pronounced fine, and, like Oliver, "asked for more," and Massa Charles and his clothes were kept in such comfort and order, and he felt so outrageously happy, that all the negroes far and near said, "Ki! what de matter wid Massa Charles! he too hurry? he run home like-a de race-horse! he fly like-a de swallow! Oh lor! *he* nebber hab de gout in he big toe."

Old Maum Chaney was the only grumbler.

She did not like "to have a place for every thing and every thing in its place." This particular maxim, though falling in earnest but sweetly modulated tones from her mistress's rosy lips, gave her particular irritation. It became a melancholy fact, that old Maum Chaney was good-hearted but pig-headed, and she went about, rolling her great black eyes and blowing like a grampus at the new rules, till at last, one bright morning, Kate plucked up courage and determined to carry war into the enemy's camp, and be mistress "for true."

"Now, Maum Chaney, you *must* not put your old shoes in the pot-closet; I shall throw them in the fire next time, and—in the name of goodness! what is this?" exclaimed Kate, lifting up her hands and pointing to a plate on the dresser filled with innumerable little kinks and plates of wool.

"Oh, lor! missis, I's only ben cut Sneaker's *har* for make him look genteel, yah, yah! short har all de fashion, missis."

At this moment Sneaker tumbled head-over-

heels into the kitchen, which at the South is built in the yard a short distance from the house, with rooms above for the servants. If short hair be a type of gentility, certainly Sneaker's top-knot was the very pink and pattern thereof. It presented the appearance of a blacking-brush worn to the roots, and singed "at that." I hope I may be excused if I venture to mention here, that all "Young America," with their short "har," gives me the impression of various-coloured scrubbing-brushes worn to the roots, and singed at that; indeed, some look as if their hair was fairly "*druv in*," as the Yankee said, and *grew down* on their mouths and chins.

But Sneaker, the philosopher, if he had lost his hair, had kept his senses, and knew how to make good use of his opportunities; for, pulling at his ear, and grinning until Kate thought she saw the inside of his spine at the back of his head, and, kicking up his leg behind for manners, he cackled out:

"Please, Missis, Massa Charles ax me for ax

you for len him fuppence, ma'am, for buy cockaninny,* ma'am,"

"Massa say," chimed in Hoppy Kicky, who had just scrambled in on two hands and one leg, "Massa say he buy cockaninny and gib it to de little niggers, for '*courage trade*,' ma'am."

Kate laughed, and was putting her hand in her pocket to find the fourpence that was to help "encourage trade," when Maum Chaney cried, "Lor, missis! *do don't*; he got de *colleget* eating so much cockaninny," and straightway she marched into the pot-closet, and, seizing one of the obnoxious old shoes, she caught up, and, spite of their clawing and kicking, whacked both the little varlets, one after the other, and threw them out of the kitchen-door, and pitched the old shoe after them, with a "Ki, boy! I'se spec you'll *have†* next time," before Kate could catch her breath for laughing, to beg her to stop.

"Murder!!" screamed Kate, "what is it?" She had just opened the door of another dark

* Molasses candy.

† Colic.

‡ Behave.

pantry, when a large black cat, her eyes flashing fire, jumped out and rushed off, with her tail and her back and her temper all in a hump at being disturbed. Kate looked cautiously in, and there, among the apples, and potatoes, and other vegetables, strewed promiscuously about, was an old pink satin hat, a present to Maum Chaney from some former mistress, and in the crown lay five kittens, evidently extremely young. "Mercy upon me! this is abominable," said the new mistress with a shudder.

"La sakes! de ole cat must be comfoble missis; couldn't be so onchristian no how, when she gwine to have a family."

"But you should have provided a proper place," said Kate, "and you should sort out all these things and put them in baskets. I *will* have 'a place for every thing, and every thing in its place."

"O missis! dat ar 'ebery place in its ting, and dat ar ting in every place,' riles me 'mazin, it do now; if missis don't find no fault with my corn-

dodgers* and waffles, and de rest of de cookin', I don't want to be hindered with dat ar 'ting in ebery place.' I sartain don't. Now here's dese yer ole shoes, ef I don't kope 'em handy, dat ar Hoppy Kicky 'd cotch up de kittens and trow 'em to de dogs."

"But," remonstrated Kate, "can't you keep them outside somewhere? it makes me sick, all this disorder. Why, Maum Chaney," said she kindly, "you don't know what a difference it would make if you had every thing neat about you; you would loose no time looking for things, and you could sit down every afternoon and smoke your pipe in comfort. Now try and see what a difference it will make."

"La! now missus, put you finger in de fire, and take him out agen; dat's de difference dat are would make, which I'll 'splain to you. You see, I'se sot on my way, and I'se know what it is, and by stickin to dat ar way ebery ting go straight—dat's clar, ain't it, missis? dat's *before* my finger in de fire. But if I put ebery place in its ting

* Indian corn cakes.

—'scuse me, missis—ebery ting go wrong like when my finger take out ob de fire. 'Taint no use talkin, I can't be 'spected to go contrairy to my raisin up, no how,"—and Maum Chaney slapped a big stick of wood on the fire with an air as if she had put the subject at rest for ever, and had given her mistress what the Kentuckians call a "sockdolager."

And here my reputation as a veracious storyteller obliges me to declare, that Maum Chaney crowed with good reason, for Kate, with a comically despairing look around, left the scene of battle for that time very much chopfallen.

CHAPTER V.

WITH my reader's permission, we will now pass over a period of five years. During this time Kate had been blessed with three lovely children. One of the little ones was no longer with her.

Did you ever read of that mother who, when

asked how many children she had, so touchingly answered, "I have three children,—two *here*, and one, pointing heavenward, *there*." So had Kate parted for a time with her eldest born. In the morning he had been perfectly well, jumping and laughing in her arms; and in the afternoon the young mother, with bitter anguish, had watched the mortal throes of the little frame, the sweet breath becoming shorter, and had caught the last little fluttering, gasping sigh. With the slowly fading sunlight his soul "passed away," and then the little form had lain still, hushed and motionless, like a marble child, with *the one* beauteous little curl of soft brown hair resting so quietly on his broad handsome brow; the white lids beneath, with their long silken fringes closed for ever in this world over the dark bright eyes.

In the darkening twilight they laid him tenderly in his little coffin, and trembling, loving hands placed a pure white rosebud on his breast, and a fragrant magnolia at his feet.

The crescent moon looked chill and hard that

night, as the poor desolate mother sat at the window with a *tiny worn shoe* of her darling's in her lap, and her tears raining down upon it. For a long time she wept and refused to be comforted. Her soul was dark. Her husband watched her tenderly, but with gentle and sympathising tact, did not attempt consolation. What *can* console a mourner in the first agony of grief? I think the very *attempt*, however well meant, is almost insulting: grief must be indulged at first: the poor stricken heart cannot see the hand of God immediately. It requires time, and desperate, unceasing effort for the bereaved spirit to perceive His loving-kindness in the stroke, and long struggling with human will to be enabled to murmur submissively, "Thy will be done."

But Kate at last was able to say this. As spring came on, the buds opening in the warm sunshine told her of the new and beautiful life into which her darling had entered. Invisible electric strings connected her spirit with the spirit of the angel in heaven, and as she listened in the

quiet twilight a soft little child-voice, audible only to her, would whisper to her heart of a blessed home where sorrow never came, and a little hand would be stretched out, and the child-voice would murmur, "Come home—mamma, come home;" and although the tears fell, they fell like the dew upon flowers, with a sweet and refreshing influence, and the young mother at last was enabled to say with trusting faith, "God's will be done."

In the course of time two other children were given to her; and although they could not take the place of the first-born, they were perfect "messengers of peace and love" in the household, and Kate was radiant again with the happiness of being a mother. She utterly refused, as is the custom at the South, to give the children to black nurses—she nourished them at her own breast; and as they grew she "held their little hands in prayer," and she prayed *with* them herself, that in this world they might so live as to be fitted to meet the dear one who had gone before. After the death of her boy, in her simple and sin-

cere way, Kate had made a profession of religion, and with beautiful and earnest faith was she now journeying on—a pilgrim of life—on the way to the “better land.”

The children were entirely different in appearance and character. Laura, the eldest, was like her father, but with his features so amazingly softened and beautified, and with such wealth of fine golden hair, such a lily-like skin and aristocratic feet and hands, that Massa Charles said it was “the most astonishing thing he ever knew in his life,”—while Fanny was a little brown gipsy, with a disdainful little turned-up nose and dark-brown hair, and not much of it either; but altogether the liveliest, sauciest little elf that was ever sent into the world to turn it topsy-turvy. She, too, had tiny hands and feet, and Maum Chaney used to make the children stand from time to time in a little tin pan, to see if “they’d growed.”

The children were a puzzle to their father.

During the first month or two they astonished and confounded him continually; for they made

such extraordinary faces and remarkable noises, and gave themselves such surprising and unexpected digs in their eyes and noses, that he thought they were in fits most of the time. Then the peculiar squeaks and turning up of eyes, and mysterious rumblings and grumbings which have frightened many a young mother, troubled him immensely. He was sure there must be something wrong in their insides, and part of the time there probably was, though not exactly a "tapeworm," as the anxious young father suggested.

He was awkward in handling them to the last degree, generally lifting them up upside down, and more than once letting them drop, to the woful endangering of their lives,—indeed, Kate declared he had let Fanny fall so often that he had frightened her out of her growth; and, sure enough, she wasn't bigger than a moderate-sized doll, and did not seem to grow much; but she was such a compact, comical little image, that Madame Lacoste, the French milliner and dressmaker, wanted to dress her up in the latest fashion and

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put her in the showcase by the door. The children had each a nurse, and great and noisy were the orations delivered by them in favour of their respective "chil'en."

One Sunday morning, when Laura was about two years of age, Kate sent Adeline, her nurse, away for a few moments, and begged her husband to take the little one and amuse her till the nurse came back. Massa Charles took her up this time in the proper manner, and, quite pleased with his skill, he carried her down to the parlour. Here she listened to his watch, put it close to her ear, and then whacked it against his head, so he could hear "tick, tick," too, and threw all his change, of which he emptied his pockets for her, in every direction; then he gave her a magnificent volume of Byron's poetry, and witnessed to his unspeakable dismay, the tearing out of the handsome poet's portrait, before he was aware, as he afterwards told Kate, "of the proximity of the awful crisis," and, in sheer desperation at the pranks of the little elf, he set her down in the middle of the

floor; and while she was giving vent to the most dismal howling at being thus forsaken, he rushed out on the piazza and into the kitchen, to find a hammer with which she could bang the looking-glass, or something—no matter what—to keep her quiet.

“The very thing!” exclaimed Massa Charles, “give me that pan of rice:” and off he rushed into the house again, while Maum Chaney lifted up her hands and eyes and ejaculated, “La sakes! what come over massa to take de pan of rice, just as I’s gwine to wash ’em.”

“Now, my dear, don’t cry, only see here,” and Massa Charles began the entertainment, by taking up a handful of rice, and firing it straight at Sneaker, who stood laughing “all round his head,” outside the window.

The child opened wide her bright eyes, and burst forthwith into a little rollicking laugh, while the big tears still lingered on her chubby cheeks—and burying both little dots of hands in the rice, a game began, which raised such shouts of

laughter from Sneaker, that it speedily brought all the little negroes within hearing to the parlour window, and amid the cackling and giggling, and jumping, and snapping of fingers, and dancing of the whole crowd, with a "Go it, Miss Laura! dat's you! ki!"—handful after handful of rice was thrown hither and thither, rattling on the handsome furniture and against the mirrors, and into Massa Charles's vest, and neck, and hair, his face all the while fairly shining with joy to see the little one so happy, while Laura ran screaming, and scampering about, wild with delight.

In the midst of the uproar her mother appeared at the door! and Sneaker and the rest immediately tumbled pell-mell off the piazza. Kate was speechless! consequently there was silence *for a moment*. The carpet looked as if a fine snowstorm had fallen upon it. The little woman who was at the bottom of the mischief (as women always are), stood eyeing her mother with a quizzical twinkle, the last few grains of rice held fast in her dumps of fingers; but the expression of Kate's face was so

utterly woe-begone, that her husband, after in vain trying to put on an air of sorrow and penitence, burst into a roar of laughter and cried, "My dear love! *do don't* pull such a long face! your chin almost touches the carpet! You see, my dear, I'm a good-for-nothing fellow I know, but the child *must* be amused; I ought to be shot for spoiling your carpet, but then the little girl was *so* happy. Thingumbob says, that as children make up the largest portion of mankind, we should study their happiness before every thing. Shouldn't we, my little pinky winky," he continued, catching up the child and kissing her. "What difference does a little rice make, my love?—this is good for trade, you know; just shake the carpet to-morrow, and in five minutes every thing will be tip-top again."

"*Just* shake the carpet," said orderly Kate. "Quite a trifle! I declare you men think women never have anything to do. You are a dreadful bad boy, and if it was any other day, I would put you in the corner and stand Laura on the top of

your head for an hour; but it's time for church, so shake the rice off the top of your head and come."

Massa Charles did penance at church for his sins, for so much of the rice had lodged in his neck, it kept continually getting down his back, and he felt as if he had forty daddy long-legs upon him, all travelling about to seek their fortunes, and the people around could not attend to the service as they ought, for watching him making all manner of grimaces and twitching about.

I dare say he wished the rice had been boiled. At any rate, Venus and Vity, and Prince John, were all the next day "clarin' up," and hoped "Maussa and Miss Laura wouldn't cut up sich a curious shine again." They never did—not *that* one.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE golden summer afternoon, Sneaker had gathered a tribe of little darkies around him from

the neighbouring houses, for the purpose of telling them a story, for his talents in this line were considered of the first order, and any suspicion of a story coming off was sure to bring an admiring audience; and now half-a-dozen were squatting and lying around the yard, looking like half-a-dozen immense hop-toads, with their great black eyes fastened on Sneaker, and their mouths wide open in a preliminary grin. Some chickens, a large pig, and a white girl from the country, joined the group.

One of the little negroes had brought a shining black baby on his back. The toilette of the baby consisted of a quarter of a yard of coarse muslin, made into a very free-and-easy shirt, considerably more ornamental than useful. It had nothing particular on besides, unless I might mention a string of yellow beads round its neck, and a peacock's feather fastened in its wool, which stood horizontally out behind, like a pennon in a stiff breeze.

The brilliant feather was certainly ornamental,

too, and the baby's whole costume might be correctly described as a very dressy affair.

His little nurse planted him down on the top of the slanting cellar-door, when he immediately commenced the business of drumming with his heels, sucking his thumb, and staring at the company; and with a "Hi boy! stay where I put you; mind youself, now," the boy left him, and squatted down with the rest in the circle round Sneaker.

Sneaker lolled out his tongue, goggled fearfully, took a long breath to get up steam, and began:

"Dis is de s'prising 'wenters of Bro'* Rabbit and Bro' Fox. If yer has any sense, niggers, yer'll all take warnin' by dis yer story. Well, now! Bro' rabbit and bro' fox once make bargain for go tief. Bro' fox, he say, 'bro' rabbit, when I goes into de hen-roost fur to steal de shicken, you keep one eye wide open fur de dog.'

"Clar out! nebber mind *me*; I know,' said bro' rabbit. So bro' fox he march into de hen-roost, and he see a elefant shicken scratching in

* Adventures of Brother.

de dirt wid he hands. Ki! how quick he cotch him! and squeeze him berry tight round he neck, so he couldn't holler. Bime by de rabbit, he come in a desput hurry and say, 'O bro' fox, I hear de dog! Ki! he scare, I tell *you*! and dey both run like forty into a holler tree, de fox holding de shicken tight round he neck.

"De dog, dey smell round, and look up de tree, and into de hominy-pot, but dey no find 'em, and de fox he sot in de holler tree and eat up all de shicken, and he say, 'Ki! dat fuss-rate.'

"When he ben done, de rabbit say, 'Now, bro' fox, you look out fur de dog while I go into de pease-patch.' 'Sartain, honey,' said bro' fox. So de rabbit he walk bery genteel, so as not to make no noise nor notin', and he find some s'perior pease, and he crackee de pease, and he stuff heself till he most busted; when de fox he run up like a house afire, and say, 'rattlesnakes and pig-tails! as sure as you live, here de dog!'

Just at this moment the black baby, in leaning forward to scramble up a horn-bug, lost its bal-

ance, and, tumbling over sideways, rolled over and over down the cellar door, and lay in a round ball at the bottom, staring straight up in the air, too frightened to cry. The hop-toad, who did duty as nurse, started on his feet in great wrath, and seizing the little picaninny all doubled up as he was, without looking particularly at him, slapped him down *hard* on his *head* this time, with a "Ki boy! why you no stay where I put you?" and taking his hands off, down the poor thing went again, setting up a most dismal howl as he reached the bottom, and lay sprawling like a spread eagle on the ground.

His brother fished him up once more, amidst the roars of laughter and cries of "Hist de little nigger up agin! O laws! what heaps of fun!" and with a good shake for a settler, he was planted again, *this time* with particular care, on the cellar-door, with an admonition to "have" himself; and order being restored, the children giggled and wriggled, and flopped themselves down, and the story proceeded.

"Now," said Sneaker, rolling up his eyes, "what was de last idee?"

"Rattlesnakes and peppers," said Hoppy Kicky.

"Here de dog," continued Sneaker; "wal, de rabbit and de fox run like wild cats and hide in de holler tree, and de dog smell round, up de tree and into de hominy-pot, and he no dare, and de rabbit say he had 'fuss-rate dinner.'

"But, my bredren," and here Sneaker put on a look of awful import, "ef a tief git off dis yer time, he cotch it worser de nex. Bime by de fox he git mighty hungry, and he go cotch anoder shicken, and before de rabbit had time to say 'Jack Robinson!' de dog fly at him and hold him till massa come, and den what do you tink?"

"W-h-a-t?" said all the little negroes in a breath, and with their eyes wide open.

"Why de fox he gin a screech, and say, 'Oh massa, jes let me off dis yer time,' when, crack! he tail chopped off one end, and he head t'oder, an he drew his last bref without eider head or tail, and gib up de goost."

"Laws! how drefful!" said all the hop-toads.

"De rabbit he was cotch too, and maumy made a pigeon-pie of him, and massa and missis ben eat him up dis yer berry day; so yer sees, niggers, *where* you die, *when* you go ter, ef you ebber make bargain for go tief."

CHAPTER VII.

THE sun was setting in a blaze of glory, such as is only seen in Italian and American skies. The birds were darting about with fleet wings and a few sweet notes, seeking their nests for the night. The splendid magnolia, that queen of flowers, was giving out her fragrance with queen-like generosity; the vane upon the graceful spire of the church opposite glistened in the sunbeams; a gentle wind fanned the flowers that were trained around the piazza, and the whole atmosphere seemed burnished and golden. Massa Charles was sitting by himself upon the piazza, enjoying this beautiful scene, his own face beaming with

contentment and happiness. He was now a rich man. He had made all his money himself, and he was known far and wide as an *honest* man, which was a thousand times better than a reputation for wealth. His *name* was *better* than gold. If he became unfortunate and lost his money, what a noble inheritance that *good name* would be for his children! so you may be sure that, with all these blessings *together*, he was a very *happy* man.

Presently Laura, who at this time was five years old, came running out, and clambered up on her father's knee, her golden curls, as a ray of the sun shone upon them, covering her like a glory; and Massa Charles, lifting some up from her neck, said, "Where did you buy all these gold strings, my little girl?—how did you fasten them on so tight?"

"I don't know," said the child, reflecting; "perhaps my mauma know; I'll go ask her."

"Never mind now," answered her father, "only I wish I knew the place—I would buy some too."

Don't you think papa would look nice with curls like yours ? ”

Laura laughed, and smoothed down her father's face with her little white hand, and then, pinching his chin, said, “ Tell me a story, papa.”

“ You tell *me* one, and I 'll tell you one,” answered her father.

“ But I don't want to,” said the child.

“ You must do as you would wish to be done by,” said her father.

“ What does that mean ? ” said Laura.

“ Suppose,” said her father, “ a little girl was to come here without a hair on her head, would you give her some of yours ? ”

“ Yes,” said the child, her eyes lighting up with a generous flash.

“ And suppose you had no hair on *your* head, and the little girl was to give you half of hers.”

“ What a *good* little girl ! ” said Laura, with glowing cheeks.

“ Then you would both be doing as you would wish to be done by. Do you understand, little one ? ”

“Oh yes!” said the child, “I’ll tell you a story, and you will tell me one too, to be sure! Where’s my *hankers*? Oh, here it is!”—and Laura scrubbed her little rosy mouth so the words would have no difficulty in coming out, and prepared to fulfil her part of the contract.

“Let cats—no, not cats. Let rats—no”—

“Dogs,” suggested her father.

“Certainly,” said Laura, smoothing down her white frock:

“Let dogs delight to barky bite,

For God He made ’em s—o ;

Let bears and lions barky bite—no, g-r-o-w-l-y fight,

(Here Laura growled, and frightened her father very much, which made her laugh heartily.)

For ’tis their nature t—o—o.

“But dear little *children*, you should n-e-v-e-r let

Your angry *passions* rise,

Your little tiny-tawny hands were n-e-v-e-r made

To ’cratch out each other’s eyes out.”

"There!" said Laura.

"That's beautiful!" said her father, kissing her fondly.

"Ain't it, papa? Mamma told me that little story. Where's my hankerfish? Oh, here it is!" and she proceeded to scrub her father's mouth to prepare him for *his* part of the contract.

"What shall I tell you, little mouse?"

"Tell me about 'Little Runt,'" said Laura.

"Me too—me too!" cried Fanny, running out, and trying to climb up on her father's knee.

"You too, Pinky Winky? I've got myself into business, I see. Well, up with you. I! yi! there you are!"

"I *so* comfoble," said Fanny; "are you comfoble, *Lolly*?"

"Yes," said Laura, settling her golden head against her father's breast.

When Fanny saw that manœuvre, she butted her little skimpy wig against her father too, for she made it a point to imitate her sister in every thing. If Laura made a baby on her slate, Fanny

immediately made a fearful monster on *her* slate, with one eye about a quarter of an inch outside of her head, both feet detached from the body, and several hands and arms scattered around; the whole comprising a style of baby never before seen in the United States. Whether they have any like it in England I cannot tell, as I have never been there; but at any rate Fanny thought it "*bufully*."

"Little Runt" was a *pig tale* of never-ending delight, and this would make the twenty-fifth time the children had heard it—they knew it by heart; and, let me tell you, Massa Charles did not dare to omit or alter a single word; if he did, he was immediately caught up and corrected, so he had to mind what he was about. Kissing both the children, he began:

"Once upon a time there lived an old sow who had six pigs.

"What were their names?" said Laura.

"Brine, Bacon, Snort, Squeak, Twist, and Little Runt. So the old sow went to work, and built

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them each a nice straw house, except Little Runt, because she hated him; but he was a sharp little chap, and he got some boards and some nails, and built himself a house. I tell you what—when it was finished, he cocked up his ears and nose, and walked around with his tail twisted into a tight bow-knot, and felt as good as *anybody*.”

“Any *one*,” said Laura, compressing her lips, and darting a look of solemn reproof at her father.

“Any *one*. Oh, what a little girl it is! Well, one day an old fox came along, smelling round to see what he could find for dinner. Presently he walked to the first pig’s house, and, banging at the door like ten guns, said, ‘Pig, let me come in, or I’ll tear your house down.’

“‘Tear it down if you can!’ shouted little Brine, as brave as a little bully, for the door was locked, and he thought he was safe; but the fox made a rush at the house, with his head for a battering-ram, and knocked it as flat as a pancake, and, without waiting for mustard, he ate our friend Brine right up.”

“*Deadful!*” sighed little Laura, clasping her hands, and sucking her under lip.

“*Deadful!*” said little Fanny, doing the same.

“‘That was prime pork,’ said the fox, smacking his chops—‘I reckon I’ll cut and come again.’”

“The next day the old fox went to the next pig’s house”—

“*Baker’s* house,” interposed Laura, poking her finger into his ear.

“*Bacon’s* house,” said her father, “and he knocked at the door like a hail-storm, and said, ‘Pig, let me come in, or I’ll tear your house down.’”

“‘Tear it down if you can,’ said Bacon, looking out of the window and making a frightful nose at him. So fox, he made a leap into the air, and came down like a thousand of bricks upon the house, and knocked it into a cocked hat, and, catching Bacon by his crooked tail, he ate him straight up.”

“Oh! m—y,” sighed Laura.

“Oh! m—y,” sighed Fanny.

"The next day the fox went to—to—Snort's house, and, drumming on the door with both his hind legs, said in a terrible voice, 'Snort, let me come in, or I'll tear your house down.'

"'Tear it down if you can, said Snort, putting the book-case against the door, for Snort was a learned pig; his father, the late Mr Hogg, was a celebrated poet, and his cousin, Mr Bristle, still living, was a distinguished and most eloquent orator; but fox did not care a chicken's nose for all that; he just tore Snort's house right down, and ate Snort's body right up."

"A—h!" said Laura.

"O—h!" said Fanny.

"Next day he went to—let me see—Squeak's house, and he said, 'Hollo! you Squeak, let me come in, or I'll tear your house down.'

"'Tear it down if you can,' squealed Squeak, and being a tremendous coward, he commenced to climb up the chimney. . But he was a great glutton also; he was as fat as an alderman, and, as the chimney was very narrow, my poor friend

Squeak got into a very tight place indeed, and was nearly squeezed out of his skin. But he wriggled up at last, and was just putting his head out of the top, grunting with fear and fatigue, when down came the house, chimney and all, about his ears, and the fox, without waiting for a knife and fork, gobbled him up, and did not leave a scrap. Didn't he grin ferociously when he got through?"

"Show me how he grinned," said Laura.

"Show me grin too," said Fanny.

Their father made a savage grin, shutting his teeth together with a snap! which gave a fearful delight to the children, who snapped their little pearly teeth at each other, and pretended to eat each other up.

"Well, next day the fox came to Twist's house. Twist was a bandy-legged little fellow, with a very short and ratty-looking tail, which in a pig is a sign of delicate health; and at this time he was quite ill with the measles and the mumps; so when fox pounded at the door and roared,

'Twist, let me come in, or I'll tear your house down,' the poor little pig was in a sad pickle; he had a great mind to put on his hat and run out at the back door, and sell himself to the sausage-maker round the corner; but he was too a-weak! a-weak! for that; so, after snivelling a little, he mumbled out, 'Tear it down if you can,' determined, if he must die, to die as hard as he possibly could, and if the fox ate him, he hoped he would disagree with him.

"Sure enough the fox tore the house down and ate him up, and went home, and was very ill for ten days.

"And now all were gone save Little Runt. By this time Runt had become a jolly fat fellow, and a regular Yankee for taking care of 'number one.' All day long he went rooting and straddling about, winking, and blinking, and eating, and drinking, and grunting, and squabbling, and squeaking, and taking care of himself, until he was the very image of Alderman Swillaway, and fox was perfectly crazy to eat him. So one fine

afternoon he knocked at Runt's door, with a yell like forty Indians with the whooping-cough, and said, 'Runt, you scamp! let me come in, or I'll tear your house down.'

" 'Tear it down if you can,' cried Runt, who was sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, munching an apple. So the fox began, but the house was very strong, and he scratched, and tore, and kicked, and banged, till he tore all his nails off. What was he to do now? Have him he must; and as the wily knave could not get him by force, he concluded to try cunning.

" 'Runt, my dear,' said the fox, in a sweet coaxing voice, 'do you like apples?'

" 'I guess I d—o,' said Runt.

" 'Well, my dear, I have quantities. Come to my house to-morrow morning, about nine o'clock, and you shall have heaps of them.' The fox chuckled, thinking he had got him this time, and went home to bed.

That night Runt got up, put on his great-coat, and throwing a large bag over his shoulders, went

softly to fox's house, and, peeping in at the window, saw him lying fast asleep in the corner; so he crept in v-e-r-y quietly, filled his bag brimful of apples, and trotted home, laughing in his sleeve.

"The next day the fox came and said, 'Why Runt, why didn't you come this morning for the apples?'

"'Oh la! you big booby! I got them *long ago*; very good apples indeed!' and Runt came the window and winked at him, and squealed three times.

"My goodness! what a rage the fox was in! He stood upon three legs, and scratched his head with the fourth, and said, 'botheration! and thunder!' and ever so many more bad words, words which no good fox nor children ever say, and went round and round in a circle, with his bushy tail sweeping up the dirt, and called himself an owl and a donkey, to be bamboozled by 'an abominable old bumble-bee of a pig,' and at last made up his mind to try again.

“ ‘My dear Runt,’ said he in a silvery voice, ‘do tell me if you are fond of nuts?’

“ ‘Laws! I guess I a-m,’ said Runt.”

“ ‘Ah! then, I’m the boy for you! Just come to my house to-morrow morning, about nine o’clock, and I’ll give you a cart-load;’ and the fox trotted home to make an apple-dumpling for dessert, and to sharpen up his razor, to shave the pig before he ate him.”

“ ‘St! st! what a pity! poor pig!’” said Laura.

“ ‘St! st! what a pity! poor pig!’” said Fanny.

“That night little Runt put on his great-coat, threw a large bag over his shoulder, and went to the fox’s house, and, looking through the window, saw him in the corner fast asleep, and snoring like a rusty handsaw; so Runt opened the door and very quietly filled all his pockets and his bag brimful of nuts, and walked home in a high state of satisfaction.

“The next morning the fox came along as cross as two sticks, and cried, ‘Hollo, Runt; are all your legs broken? why on earth didn’t you come for the nuts?’

“‘*Good* morning,’ said Runt; ‘thank you, I called and got the nuts *long* ago—tip-top nuts!’ and he opened the window a little, and shied a nut at the fox, and hit him directly on the end of his nose, which made him splutter like a Dutchman, and dance about with pain, like pop-corn on a hot shovel.

“‘Ugh! you little wretch,’ said the furious fox, holding his battered nose in his paw, ‘I’ll have you yet for my dinner; see if I don’t! Let me catch you outside, *once, just once*, that’s all;’ and the wicked old fellow went off muttering.

“For a long time little Runt was so careful that the fox could not catch him, try as hard as he would, and the little pig kept his house so neatly, and grew so fat and handsome, that he was quite a beau; all the young ladies of his acquaintance were pulling ears for him. But alas! it happened one afternoon that Runt had invited Mrs Wallowbury and her daughter, Miss Swiny Sty, to take tea with him, and of course every thing had to be in apple-pie order; for he was desperately in love

with Swiny Sty, and she was heaps of acorns in love with him ; so he meant to ask her to marry him that evening ; and of course there was nothing to prevent it as long as she was-s-willing. So Runt set the table very nicely, and put upon it great dishes of apples and acorns, corn-cobs, watermelon-rinds, 'possum-pie, fish tails, sea-weed, horse-hair, lobster-sauce, allspice, tallow candles, oyster-patties, fried tripe, and whirligigs, comprising a banquet fit for the king, and with which the company could not fail to be pleased, for every thing was hot, cold, moist, dry, sweet, sour, sharp, or flat ; so everybody would be sure to be suited.

“ But alas ! as I said before, when all this was ready, and just before the company came, Runt went out to the pump to fill the tea-kettle, when crack ! the fox jumped from behind the pump and caught him by the neck ! Oh dear ! dear ! what was the poor little fellow to do ? He squealed with all his might and main ‘a-week ! a-week !’ but the fox said, ‘not a moment !’ until fortu-

nately Runt at last thought in his terror of one means of escape. 'Oh fox,' he cried, 'I hear the hounds.'

"'Where! where!' said the fox, letting him drop. Sure enough the dogs were barking, and the fox was frightened half out of his wits. 'Oh Runt! hide me! hide me! don't let the dogs catch me.'

"'Well, come here quick, and get into this empty flour-barrel.' So the cowardly fox (for he was a coward, as a bully always is) sneaked into Runt's house with his tail between his legs, and jumped into the flour-barrel, and Runt covered him up, first telling him to lie still till the dogs had gone.

"Then the little fellow put his tea-kettle on the fire, and when it boiled, he lifted the lid of the flour-barrel, and tumbled the water like a cataract all over his wicked enemy, and scalded him to death; and that was the end of *him*."

"Did it hurt him *much*?" said Laura, not knowing whether to be glad or sorry for the sufferings of an enemy.

"Did it?" said Fanny, rubbing her knees with her chubby hands.

"I should rather think it did," said their father, "for he gave a scream like several steam-whistles rolled into one, kicked with all four legs at once, turned nearly inside out, swallowed himself again, and then died at last in a rage and a flour-barrel."

"O—h!" said Laura.

"O—h!" said Fanny.

"Well, after the fox died, little Runt rolled the flour-barrel, with him in it, down to the water, and sent it with a tremendous kick over the bar, and into the Atlantic Ocean, where it is now, for aught I know, and returned home in time to receive the company.

"They had a glorious time, ate up every thing on the table, and rooted about under the table, in hopes of finding some trifling delicacy that might have been accidentally forgotten; and Runt married Swiny Sty, who made an excellent wife, had a hundred and fifty-seven children, and ever after they lived in peace, and when they died, besides

sausages and other things, they made a tremendous pot of grease, which gave them great satisfaction. There ! what do you think of that pig tale ?”

“ Very pretty ! tell it again,” said Laura.

“ Yes ! Yes ! Yes ! ” said Fanny, clapping her hands.

“ What a pair of Pinky Winkies ! Couldn’t possibly,” said their father ; “ see, here come your maumas to put you to bed. Good night.”

“ But I don’t want to ‘ good night,’ ” said Laura.

“ I don’t too,” chimed in Fanny.

“ My eyes are wide open,” said Laura, pulling open her eyelids with her fingers.

“ Mine, too,” said Fanny, doing the same.

“ Come here, Prince John,” said Massa Charles.

Prince John had been standing at the bottom of the steps of the piazza, listening to his master’s story, and regarding the children with loving eyes. Under Kate’s kind tuition, he had become an accomplished waiter, and many were the offers made to purchase him for a very high price ; but

his master and mistress had their own ideas about that: a *certain paper*, signed and registered, would prevent all future buying and selling of Prince John. He knew this, and, strange to relate, when told of his freedom, and that he might go where he pleased, he answered, while the big tears rolled down his cheeks, "God bless you, massa! my dear, dear massa, I have no home, no friend but my massa; let me stay wid my dear massa till I die."

But we have left Prince John all this time on the steps, waiting his master's orders.

"Will you give these dear little rattlepates a ride on your shoulders, Prince John?"

"Wid the greatest of pledgure," he answered, and, stooping down, the delighted little ones were soon seated upon his shoulders, their white arms twined round his neck and head, like snow-wreaths upon a coal-bed, holding him tight, while their feet beat a perfect tattoo upon his breast. Then began a scene of galloping, and tumbling, and laughing, perfectly delightful to hear; all the

little negroes in the yard whooping, and cheering, and clapping their hands, and jumping, and tumbling over and over, and making a procession behind Prince John as long as a Highlander's tail. It would have done your heart good to see the dimples that came and went in the children's faces: they seemed to be made up of nothing but dimples, and their little white garments, fluttering out behind them, looked so much like wings, that Kate said they looked like white doves, perfect messengers of peace, and love, and joy! After lots of fun, the little doves were caught by their nurses, and carried, laughing and breathless, into the house, to fold their white wings, and close their bright eyes in their pretty nests in sleep.

The next morning Laura awakened very early. The brilliant dawn was chasing the fairies and phantoms away—all save the phantom of hope, which is *ever brightest in the morning*; for, as the day grows older and stronger, does not hope oftentimes fade, and faint, and die?

Presently a ray of sunshine, flickering through

a tree near the window, came aslant into the room, dancing and trembling on the wall by Laura's crib, and the little girl sat up in bed to catch it. The sunbeam then fell upon her golden head, and she commenced running her fingers through the long shining threads. She began thinking to herself, "This is all my hair; what a heap of it! I think there is a great deal too much. If that little girl were in bed with me, I would give her half; certainly I would! but there's papa, *poor* papa! hardly five hairs on his head, two each side, and three behind—that makes five. Papa said, 'Do as you wish to be done by.' I'll just give him half of this hair, and old mauma can sew it on tight, and it will keep him as warm as toast." So, her little heart panting and her face glowing with her good intentions, Laura scrambled down out of her crib, and, going into the next room, where her mother and father lay asleep, she slipped about on the very tips of her little pink toes till she found a pair of scissors, and, climbing back into bed, commenced snipping and clipping

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her hair in front—almost tickled to death with delight, as it came showering down about her—until the front and top of her head fairly bristled all over with little bunches, and stumps, and stubbles of hair, and made her look like a perfect scarecrow. But Laura never thought of that; she gathered in a bunch all the hair she could collect in her slippery little fingers, and pinched and twisted it up in an old newspaper that she found, and, going again into her father's room, she stole softly to the bed, and, kissing him, she said, "Papa, papa, only look! here is a present for you! I give it all to you, every bit of it! papa, don't I 'do as I wish to be done by?' am I not a good girl? s-a-y."

Massa Charles and Kate both opened their eyes at once, looked at Laura—opened their eyes wider—looked again—and, sitting up in bed, exclaimed "Goodness! why! what on earth! what has happened to the child's head! Have the Indians been scalping her? or have the moths mistaken her head for a fur muff, and eaten all the top off?"

"Come here, Laura," said her mother to the now frightened child, "and tell me all about it."

The poor little soul began to cry. "Mamma—papa—I—I give my hair to papa, to 'do as I wish to be done by,' because—because the top of papa's head is almost empty."

All at once her father recollected what he had told her the evening before, and, catching up the child, he kissed her, and said, "My little darling! you are the most generous and best little girl in the world. The most extraordinary thing I ever knew in the whole course of my life!" he continued, turning to Kate; "who *would* have imagined that the little monkey would have shaved the top of her head in her anxiety to prove the 'golden rule.' I declare, my dear, I would give the end of my nose and my little finger, if I had made any other illustration;" and he rubbed his great Roman nose with his little finger till it was as red as a boiled lobster's great-coat, and tried to look perfectly miserable; but Kate burst out laughing, and he was glad to join in; and Laura,

seeing that the trouble was *somehow over*, laughed too, and looked very much relieved; for her poor little mouth had been drawn down so far with grief, that you could almost have tied the ends in a bow-knot under her chin.

Her father untwisted the old newspaper, and looked at and admired the tangled bunch of hair, and thanked his little girl for the beautiful present, until she was in as high glee as before, and danced about in her little night-gown, perfectly crazy with delight, when her father said he would get the barber to make him a wig of her hair, to wear on Sundays and the Christmas, promising her to lend it sometimes to her mauma, whom she loved dearly, to wear over her wool when she went to a party; this last promise putting her into such ecstasies that she went twirling round and round, singing for joy, till she tumbled in a heap on the floor.

But Kate took a private opportunity to deliver a short lecture to her husband, entreating him to be more careful in future, as children could not

discriminate, and it was amazing how comically they would and did almost always apply and adapt every thing that was told to them, to their own childish understanding. "Why, my dear," she continued, "Mrs Spencer told me the other day that she was trying to explain to her little girls how, in the beginning of the world, God had made Adam and Eve, and how they were at first good and obedient, and lived in a beautiful garden in Paradise, called the Garden of Eden, and that they disobeyed and were very wicked, and consequently were driven out of the garden of Eden. The very next morning she heard a terrible racket in the nursery,—such screams! such shrieks! you would have thought somebody was breaking all the furniture and looking-glasses, or that all the poll-parrots in the world were biting each other's noses off! She rushed up to the room, and there she saw Carrie and Jessie, with big sticks in their hands, and half-a-dozen little negroes at their heels, tearing round the room like mad kittens, after their mauma, who was laughing and running,

their hair flying, their eyes nearly starting out of their sockets, upsetting every thing in their way, and beating the poor old nurse whenever they could get a chance at her, and, when they couldn't, whacking at the window-panes, and chairs, and tables, the little negroes kicking up their heels and slapping right and left, hopping like grasshoppers, screaming like steam-whistles, and doing their utmost to help on the riot and uproar, till it was enough to take the very hair off your head, and would have required ten pairs of ears apiece, to listen to it all; and they did not stop an atom when their mother appeared, but screamed and laughed louder than ever, and cried, 'Look! mamma, look! here we are, a-beating old mauma out of the room, just as the ladies and gentlemen were beaten out of the garden of Eden!' Now what is to be done," continued Kate, "when children make such extraordinary applications? Every mother can tell scores of such stories about the strange little beings. For my part, I think it better to teach them simply to be good,

and leave these sublime mysteries for maturer years."

Dear reader, what do you think about it?

CHAPTER VIII.

WITHOUT having intended, I am making this a very long story; but I have so many things to tell about our good friend and his family, that I don't know where to stop; and as soon as I put my pen to paper, it goes scratching along as if it were crazy, and my very brain is ready to crack with the quantity of anecdotes packed away, which I can't get out of it and on the paper fast enough. If my dear readers have half the pleasure in reading about Massa Charles that I have in writing, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

Old Maum Chaney, I am sorry to say, was the only one in the family with whom Kate had any difficulty. She was a famous cook, but her northern mistress could not make her neat. She

would wring out the dishcloth, and carry it about on the top of her head to have it "handy;" and although Kate put up an especial nail for her to hang it upon, and begged her to use it, she was perfectly deaf and blind to both entreaty and nail, and you might just as well have asked her to walk about without her head: then with the same ladle that she was skimming the soup, she would whack Sneaker and Hoppy Kicky on the back and head, making the dust and every thing else fly, and put it back in the soup, grumbling to herself, "I nebber seed sich plaguy niggers since I was born! Dare's dat ar Hoppy Kicky! he ben got a head sure 'nuff, so's dat ar nail;—both flat, both black, and notin in 'em. Sho!"

So poor Maum Chaney thought she had a hard time of it. She said she "lub Mas' Charles, but missis! Lor sakes! she was so contrary, she couldn't get along no how."

But Prince John was happy, and loving, and grateful beyond words to tell. Kate had taught him to read and write; nor had she forgotten the

sacred trust she had imposed upon herself: she taught all her servants their duty to God, and Prince John was now a class-leader or minister in the Methodist Church, and to many a poor unhappy soul did he bring comfort, and teach patience and submission. He had great weight and influence with his comrades, and most faithfully did he labour in the service of his Master in heaven.

By this time (for you must pass over with me some years more) Massa Charles had four children. The two youngest were boys, and the great delight of these four children was to get Prince John to sit in the rocking-chair which Kate had given to Maum Chaney to rest her old bones when her work was over; and with the boys sitting on the arms of the chair, and Laura and Fanny perched on his knees, all rocking together, he was coaxed, and shook, and patted, and his hair pulled by the little laughing band, till he either told them a story or sang a hymn. They much preferred the hymn; for Prince John, like nearly

all negroes, had a musical ear, and a sweet, full voice, and the little ones would always join in with their tiny piping notes, making a delicate flute-like accompaniment to his deep and harmonious bass.

One evening the children had climbed as usual upon Prince John, who pretended he was sleepy.

"Now, Prince John, *do—don't* shut your eyes," said Laura.

"Now, *do—don't*," said Fanny, pulling his eyelids up; whereupon a foray was commenced by all the children upon his eyelids, till you would have thought all the eyes he had would have been poked out of his head, and his eyelids torn into fifty pieces.

"Please, Miss *Farney*! please, little massas! where you s'pose I get new eyes, if you ben pull all dese yer out? I'se have to buy some spectacles, like ole daddy Jupiter. How I look with two great holes in my face, Miss *Farney*!"—

"Two holes! why then you could eat three times as much as anybody else," said Laura, laughing;

“just think! what fun! you could get Sneaker and Hoppy Kicky, each with a big spoon, to poke hopping-john in the holes, at the same time you are stuffing corn-dodgers in your mouth; how perfect! and Prince John and all the children laughed at the funny idea till they very nearly went into fits, and Maum Chaney had to stuff the corner of the dishcloth in her ears, to keep her head from coming off with the noise.

As soon as Prince John could stop laughing, and order was restored, Laura said,—

“Where did you come from, Prince John?”

“A long way off, little missis. In my country, when you wake up in de mornin, you berry often get drefful scare, sometimes wid a great snake sitting on the end of he tail, like a corkscrew widout he handle, staring at you. Ki! den’s the time to walk chalk! and when you set down ’spectin to be comfoble, a great big scorpiune he bite yer toe, and make you holler; if you want a supper of stewed musketoes, you can cotch a peck or two easy; and if you go out a-hunting in de

woods, you come back mighty soon, wid a tiger a roarin behind. Then the poor people know nuffin 'bout the Lord dat made 'em, and so, little missis, though I lub my country, I'se mighty glad to be here, in a Christian land."

"I'm glad, too," said little Fanny. "I love you, Prince John. *Do—don't* go back to that country again. Mamma told us about the royal *Belgone cagger*,* that's your *cagger*, ain't it?"

"Same kind," answered Prince John.

"Let's sing 'Bless the Lord,'" said Laura, "I like it."

"Oh yes, let's," said Fanny.

The boys chimed in.

So they all settled themselves, and Prince John began (the children joining in) this simple, Methodist hymn :

" Bless de Lord ! O my soul !
Praise de Lord ! O my brodder,
Shout and sing, O my sister,
Give Him glory, O my fader,

* Bengal tiger.

And rejoice, O my moder,
And we'll travel all togeder,
And we'll join hearts and hands for Canaan."

It was a pleasant thing to see and hear. The little ones in their white dresses, clinging to their sable friend, their voices blending in a hymn of praise, simple and rude though it was, to the One who had made them outwardly to differ, *their* souls and *his* all equally precious in His sight;—the poor black man cheerfully bending to the Divine will, and bearing his cross with loving submission, and the innocent children, happily ignorant of the wide gulf between them in this world, loving him, and trusting him, and profiting by his simple and earnest talk. It was a pleasant thing, and Kate was never more content than when her children were with Prince John. Evening after evening, with the glory of the setting sun resting upon the group, would Kate listen on the piazza to the softened notes of this simple concert, her face beaming with tenderness, while now and then a tear would gather and roll silently down

her cheek ; and, with the falling of that tear, an unuttered prayer would arise, that her dear children might grow up Christian men and women.

CHAPTER IX.

“What is life ?—a varied tale,
Deeply moving, quickly told.”

AND now I must come to a sad time. I have told you that Massa Charles was rich, and, for some years, he and all about him enjoyed his riches ; for, he was so generous, he would have given away the very coat on his back, and the head off his shoulders, if it had been only *screwed* on. He kept his pockets continually full of six-pences and pennies, to give to every little black boy that asked him. If the servants broke anything, however valuable, he would beg Kate not to say a word about it, but would really quite make them think they had done him a very particular favour ; for he would always say, when

their eyes were nearly popping out of their heads from fright, "Never mind, my fine fellow," or "my good girl; things *must* be broken; it is good for trade; pick up the pieces, and here's a fip* for you." Kate went nearly distracted at first at this state of affairs. She said she believed the servants upset chairs and tables, broke china plates, and looking-glasses, and cut-glass decanters, on purpose to oblige their master and "encourage trade." No wonder everybody adored him, and it was a perfect providence that nobody ever thought of making him the President of the United States; for, although office-hunters are proverbial for their modesty, and never ask for a quarter of what they deserve, Massa Charles would have been so grateful to the people for thinking so much of him, that he would instantly have created fifty or sixty thousand new places, with large salaries to each, so that everybody could have what they wanted; and in a very short time, I am afraid, there would have been more distrac-

* A small piece of silver, worth twopence-halfpenny.

tion and confusion in the country than if all the steam-engines on all the railroads had burst all their boilers at once. Little Fanny once asked him for a piece of the moon, and he said, "Certainly, my dear," and looked very miserable because he could not find a ladder long enough to get up to it; he told the little girl he must plant some beans, as Jack did, and when they grew tall enough, Fanny and he would pack their trunks, and both travel up to the moon together. So, every thing considered, it was quite a national blessing that our good friend remained what he called himself, "an obscure individual;" and certainly, in comparison with Nero, Louis Napoleon, and Hokey Pokey, the king of the Cannibal Islands, he was a very obscure individual indeed; and all I have to add is, long may he remain so!

But this is not telling of the troubles. I hate to come to it, and relate how all at once Massa Charles lost every penny of his fortune, and was utterly ruined. It was in a year when there was distress all over the country; a great many rich

men became almost beggars, and a great many wives and daughters had to do something beside dressing up for company and reading novels. . . .

And now Kate's sterling virtues came out—they were better than silver and gold. Her husband for a few dreadful days lost his senses ; he did not care for himself, he was willing to live upon a crust—but his heart was breaking because he had ruined and beggared his dear wife and children. The good wife kept *her* tears out of sight, and with smiles and cheering words encouraged and comforted him, and told him how grateful she *was*, and he *ought to be*, because they were together. *She* would work for him, *she* would help him, and they would be happier than ever.

Such brave hearty words, and such tender loving-kindness, had its effect before long, and the sad-hearted, but once more clear-headed and resolute man, gathered together the few small remnants of his property, and at his wife's earnest entreaty prepared to leave Charleston, and go north with his family to begin the world again.

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He intended to live for the future in New York, as Kate's family had removed to that city.

And now, what do you think happened? Poor old Maum Chaney came forward, and fell on her knees before her kind master, and, throwing her apron over her face, sobbed out—"Oh, massa! oh, missis! I humbly begs yer pardon for all de trubble I'se gin yer; I know I'se cross and sot in my ways. I allers meant to live wid massa; he gib me ebery ting I want. When ole Maum Chaney get too ole to work, who ben goin to make shroud for she? Oh, massa, take me wid you! Don't see how I'se gwine* to live widout you. Oh, de Lord! He *knows* I can't get 'long no how. Jus wisht you'd stay here, massa, or take me an' de chill'ens wid you. I'se fuss-rate cook, missis,"—turning to Kate, who was crying heartily—"and I'll be real perticler 'bout keeping every place in its ting, jes *your* way, missis; I will, sartin! I know heaps of tings, missis; and oh, Massa

* Going.

Charles!" she continued, passionately throwing up her hands, "I dunno what to do—most wisht I was dead!"

Poor old Maum Chaney!

Massa Charles had great difficulty in reconciling Maum Chaney to parting with him; he settled a small house upon her, and apprenticed Sneaker and Hoppy Kicky to trades, and the old woman made cakes and sold them, and finally she became content. The other servants obtained good places in families in the city—except Prince John and Adeline, Laura's nurse—they went north with Kate and her husband. Prince John, with Massa Charles's recommendation, got an excellent berth as steward on an East India packet, and for many years he never came back without bringing a pot of sweetmeats, or a gorgeous fan, or some other present, to his "dear missis and the chill'en." Adeline lived many years with Kate, and finally married a respectable coloured man.

And now, dear reader, we too must part.

Massa Charles is no longer rich, and he still has to

work for his living ; but his wants are simple and few, and he makes enough to be comfortable. He is *contented*, which is better than wealth, and I often look with wonder at his tranquil, pleasant face for it don't seem a bit older than it did twenty years ago. He has the same kind brown eyes great Roman nose, and thin hair, and some, perhaps all, of his queer kind ways.

He still keeps his pockets full of pennies, and every morning there is a perfect ragged regiment of dunderpated tatterdemalions marauding around his door, and staring in at the basement window, where he sits reading the newspaper. They have very bright eyes and white teeth, but, in every other respect, are so horribly dirty that they look more like an army of mudpokes (which I believe is a bird) than human beings ; but you may be sure, not one of them scuttles away without his penny.

And, when thrifty Kate frowns, and says—
“ Charles, do you know you are ruining those boys ? Let them clean out the cellar, or sweep

the street, and *earn* their penny"—Massa Charles smiles, and answers in the *same old way*—and it is such a pleasant, loving way!—"My *dear* love! It is worth a dollar a-piece to see how happy they look as they scamper off. I wish I *had* a dollar a-piece to give them."

And now there is *one* treasure that this good man possesses, which is worth more than all the gold and silver in forty thousand banks. I am sure you all know what I mean. It is this: when any one speaks of Massa Charles, their voices unconsciously grow deeper and more cordial, for they know that they speak of

"AN HONEST MAN."

